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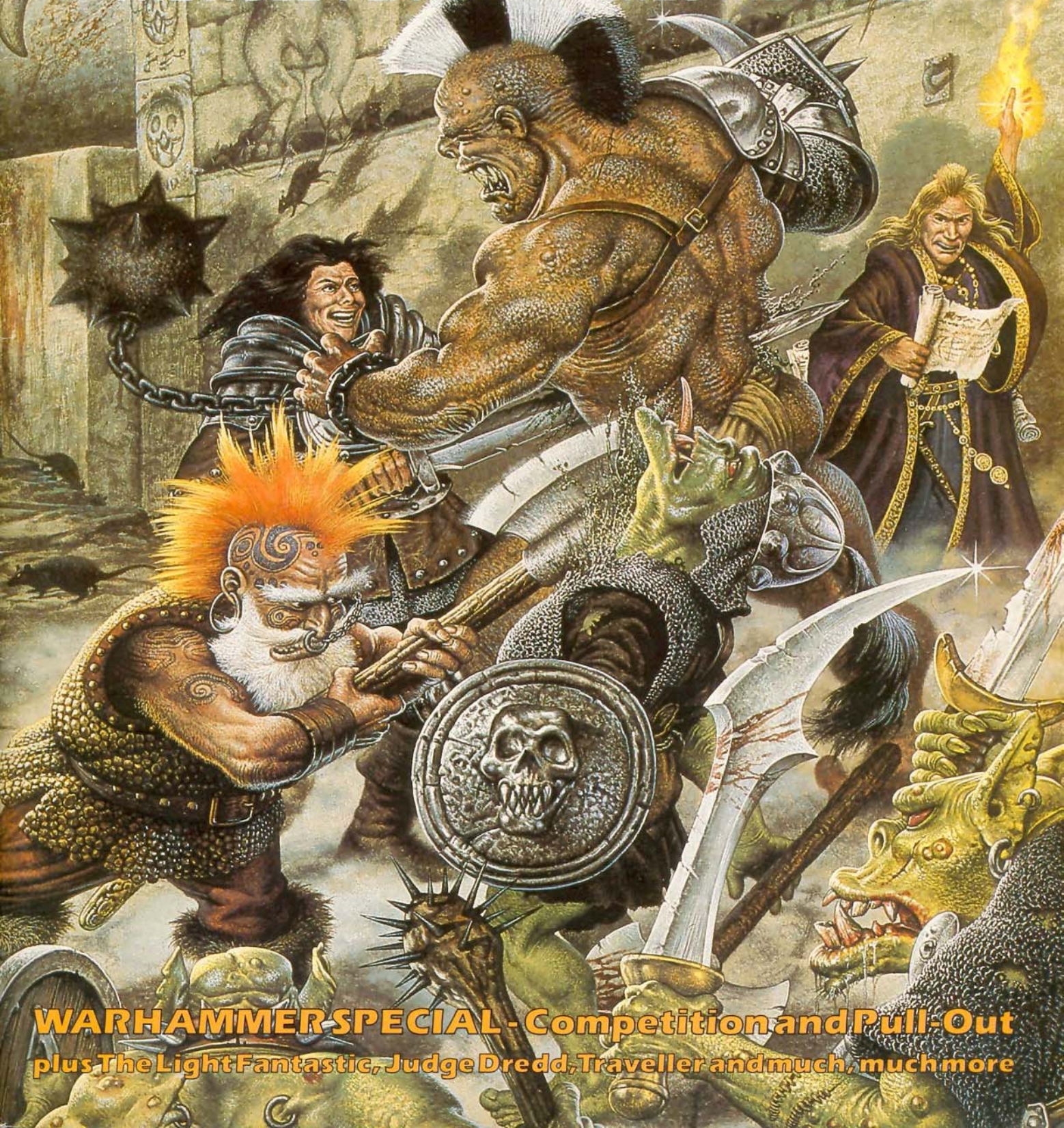

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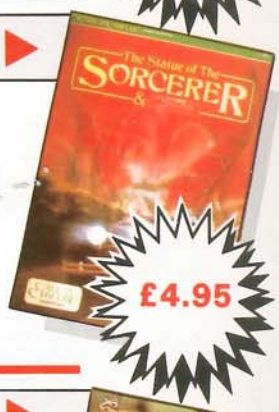

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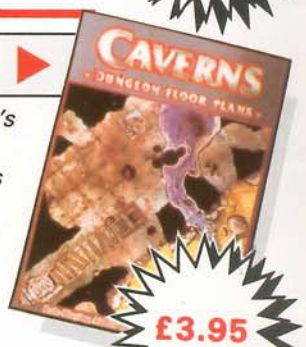

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EDITOR: Paul Cockburn
ASSISTANT EDITOR: Mike Brunton
REVIEWS EDITOR: Marc Gascoigne
PRODUCTION MANAGER: Martin Clement
DESIGN & PHOTOGRAPHY: Charles Elliott
PASTE-UP: Ian Varley, David Oliver, Joanne Podoski, Sue McLoughlin
COVER: *Warhammer* © John Sibbick 1986
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ART EDITOR: John Blanche
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All correspondence should be addressed to:
White Dwarf, Games Workshop Design Studio, Enfield Chambers, 16-18 Low Pavement, Nottingham NG1 7DL

More words this month, and not just because we couldn't find a photograph to put on the editorial page. Those of you who made a *Spot Hidden Objects* check last month (all one of you), may have noticed that little notice on the bottom of page 25. Yes, fans, *RuneQuest* is back among the lexicon of Games Workshop approved terms, since we have now been licensed to produce it in the UK by Avalon Hill (who got it from Chaosium... I dunno where they found it...). This means that all of the GW Studio staff have been running around like headless chickens trying to find copies of the game so we could decide what we were going to print, when and how. At some point we'll get ourselves sorted out, and try to put RQ back where it belongs, back near the top of the gaming ladder. It will take a bit of time - and we have a number of other games working their way through production at the moment - but we'll keep you informed as to the latest developments.

And, spinning round on the spot, be aware that White Dwarf is now looking for top-drawer RQ submissions, so get your fingers on your typewriter keys, and get going (actually, of course, we never stopped looking for top-drawer RQ material, but some people didn't quite understand that). This is *RQIII* we're talking about, by the way, for those people who like to keep their systems separate.

Any other games you want us to send our contract-hungry negotiators out after?

Paul Cockburn

CONTENTS

Open Box 2
AD&D, Kings & Things, Call of Cthulhu,* and *Jorune*

Warhammer - The Competition 5
Win a copy of the *NEW* Warhammer Roleplaying Game!

Critical Mass 8
Deserved words of praise from *Dave Langford*

All the Nice Dwarves Luv a Sailor 10
Gary Chalk follows the *Warhammer Battle* fleet

The Light Fantastic 19
Fiction from *Terry Pratchett*'s sequel to The Colour of Magic

Gobbledigook 22
by *Bil*

A Stroll Across the Discworld 25
AD&D adventures in Pratchett-land by *Ashley Shepherd*

Mercy Mission 31
A scientific *Traveller* Adventure by *Simon Lewis*

Thrud the Barbarian 38
Radioactive Mutant et ceteras finally catch up with *Carl Critchlow*

'Eavy Metal 40
The All-Seeing Lens turns its gaze on to *John Blanche*

Letters 46
Paul Cockburn wields the editorial letter-opener

Fracas 49
News, News and more News

Cartophilia 51
Graham Staplehurst tells all... about maps

Narks 55
Everybody grasses in *Judge Dredd* by *Carl Sargeant*

Beauty & the Beast 58
The competition winners' artwork

Classified 60
Sales, Swaps, Wanteds, Helps and Clubs

plus special ***WARHAMMER FANTASY ROLEPLAY*** pull-out section!

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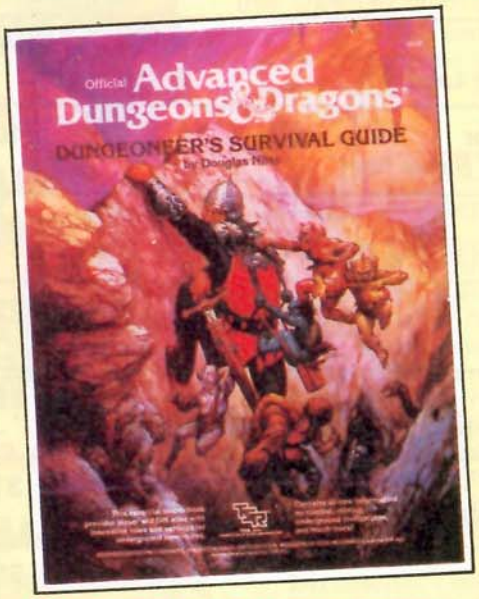


DUNGEONEER'S SURVIVAL GUIDE

Expansion Rulebook - AD&D
TSR £11.95

Deep under the earth lies the Underdark, a vast subterranean realm inhabited by drow, mindflayers, aboleth and other strange, sinister creatures. It is a place where few humans go and from where even fewer return, but one man has been there - and all Doug Niles discovered is now revealed in the **Dungeoneer's Survival Guide**, the latest hardback AD&D rule book from TSR.

Dungeoneer's Survival Guide deserves the full attention of all AD&D players - even those who prefer the freedom of the wilderness to the depths of the dungeon. DSG covers more than just the Underdark: it is a major expansion of the AD&D rules, including new proficiencies and lots of ideas for the creation of exciting and interesting underground adventures.

The new proficiencies add a whole new dimension to AD&D gaming. Characters can now do more than just fight and cast spells - they are able to make armour and weapons, train animals, cut gems, fight effectively in the dark, climb mountains, swim and perform many other activities that were simply impossible before. This is done by supplying characters with 'non-weapon proficiency slots' which can be filled with an assortment of secondary skills. Carrying out actions such as sailing a boat down a fast-moving river or gem-cutting (to improve its value) are now possible, providing the character has the relevant skill. A skill system is somthing AD&D has lacked for a long time, and it is good to see that this one it fits smoothly and easily into the game.

As well as supplying numerous new proficiencies, DSG also clarifies many of AD&D's grey areas. Rules are now provided to cover amongst other things, how well non-thieves climb walls and trees, how far characters can leap across chasms and how long characters can hold their breath underwater. While most groups will have made their own rules up for such activities it's nice to see something in print at last.

Players who are weary of underground adventures will find a lot to make them change their minds, for dungeon adventures will never be the same again. Doug Niles has created a sourcebook that proves that underground adventures can be a lot more than simply killing the monster and grabbing its treasure. Now natural hazards such as cave-ins, floods and underground streams, poisonous gases, volcanoes and the lack of oxygen have all to be dealt with by adventurers venturing below the surface. And the underground has been transformed from a bleak and dirty dungeon to an exciting and intriguing underground fairyland. Many different types of cavern are described, as well as how player characters may enter them and what they may find there. The history and relationships of the underground races are also well covered.

How to run interesting underground campaigns is discussed in great detail, it includes lots of sound advice on how to set up a campaign, how to effectively run multiple plotlines and contains plenty of tips on how to pace a campaign for maximum suspense and emjoyment. Here we have Doug's years of gaming experience set out for all to see and benefit from. This is certainly one of the best discussions of how to design adventures and campaigns to have appeared, and it is relevant for any campaign above or below ground - referees of other game systems will also find much of interest here.

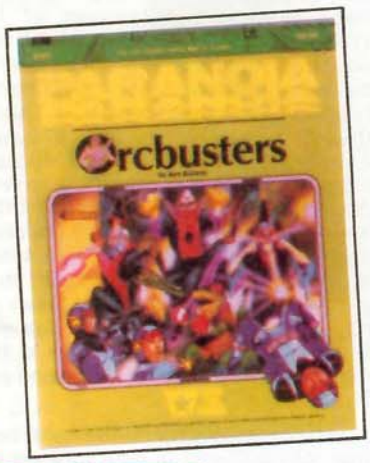
Dungeoneer's Survival Guide is an excellent product which opens many new and exciting opportunites to adventurers everywhere. Don't be put off by the title - DSG contains plenty for the even the most adamant of wilderness adventurers. Buy a copy. You won't be diasappointed.

Jim Bambra

KINGS & THINGS*

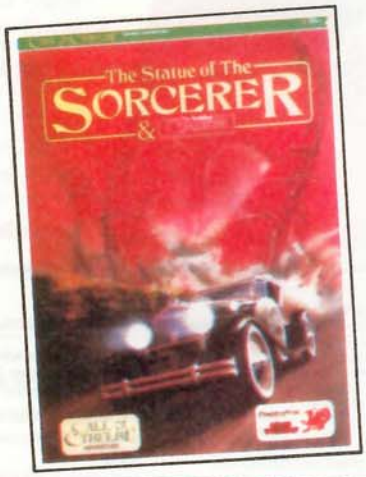
Fantasy Boardgame
Games Workshop/West End Games £12.95

It's been some time since a new large-scale fantasy boardgame with mass appeal was on the



ORCBUSTERS

RPG Adventure - Paranoia
West End Games £5.95



THE VANISHING CONJURER/ THE STATUE OF THE SORCERER

market, but it's been well worth the wait. **Kings & Things*** (the asterisk stands for a ridiculous list of the entire contents of the game - Kings & Wizards & Dragons & Elves & Swords & Swamps & so on and on) is the latest product to emerge from the cracked mind of Tom Wham, infamous throughout the gaming world as the designer of classic games like *Snit's Revenge* and *Awful Green Things From Outer Space*. This time he's taken his very individual sense of humour and let it burst all over a fantasy game of colonisation and empire building, and it's all rather wonderful.

The scene for *Kings & Things** is the magical land of Kadab, home to many strange creatures and prone to peculiar magical fields. But, but - where's the board?! Ah, I see, you build the board from those pretty hex tiles so every game is different - guess it is a weird place, isn't it? So, having shuffled up your swamps and deserts and forests and such like, and laid them out in a very impressive hexagon shape, you and the other three players grab one of the corners each, and start to build your own little empire.

At first, of course, you don't have much land at all, and very few troops and gold pieces to call your own. So what do you do? You put on your pith helmet and go and explore the surrounding lands, each of which holds several terrifying face-down chits! Weapons cocked and ready, hardly daring you breathe, you skip delicately forward into the jungle, swamp or wherever, wincing as someone behind you treads on a twig, perhaps, and creep carefully up to the chits - and flip 'em! It could be just about anything: treasure, a really groovy magic item - or a monster. Usually, of course, it's monsters, and you have to bash the hell out of them before you can control the hex - which is a pity, because on first sight some of the critters look rather cute. I mean, how could you bring yourself to bash in a baby dragon, flying squirrel or a walrus? Mind you, there are some really vicious nasties out there too - rocs, giants, even winged piranhas, would you believe?

Once you've got your new hexes you immediately start earning money from them, which really helps, as *Kings & Things** is won by the first person to build a massive fortified citadel, and of course these cost money. So, the more hexes you have, the more money you get, and the closer your kingdom gets to being the first in Kadab to have its own prestigious southside citadel development. Except, of course, everyone else is also trying to grab as many hexes as they can, which is where your real problems begin, and where much of the entertainment of the game lies.

Of course, there are little details which I haven't mentioned. Like the random events which can deliver the dreaded Teeniepox or a Good Harvest, the Dark Plague or the Big Juju ('No,' you cry, '*anything* but the Big Juju!'). Like the special characters who you can try and recruit to your army by the noble act of waving large amounts of money under their noses! The special magic items, the advanced income generators (gold mines, diamond fields, peat bogs - you know the sort of thing), the cities and villages. I'm not going to tell you any more about these because I'd rather you found out for yourself.

So, as far as play is concerned, *Kings & Things** is one hell of a great game - fun, easy to pick up and play, but tremendously entertaining no matter how many times you play it - and I must admit I've played it rather a lot ever since I got the review copy! Physical presentation of the game is very flash, with great cartoon-y pieces and all those very pretty hex terrain tiles. The rules are fairly clear (and very amusing, for they're dotted with silly asides about Kadab throughout, including a ridiculous timeline on the back), and the middle pages pull out for a handy reference section in play. Even the dice are nice - rather a rarity these days, I'm sorry to say! *Kings & Things** is the result of a transatlantic collaboration between wonderful West End Games and good old Games Workshop (well, I have to be nice 'cos this is their magazine), and between them they've come up trumps with this little cracker. Let's hope they do it again soon! Now if you'll just excuse me, I've got this rather dubious bit of swamp to explore...

Robert Neville

Let's not hang about here. **Orcbusters** is absolutely ridiculous, stupid, silly, childish and preposterous.

And I love it.

(That's all very well, but if it's so good shouldn't you tell us all a little more about it?)

Oh, alright then, but I warn you, I can't bring myself to give away all the salient points of the plot. If the readers want that much detail they'll just have to buy the thing, OK?

*(Alright. Just give us some clues about **why** you like it.)*

If I must I must.

Like all *Paranoia* modules, there are a few clues to its content in the title and packaging. I must admit it, this thing looks like a module for one of those dreadful fairy game things, all pouting orcs waving their weapons in the air. The security clearance notice threatens to *curse* you if you read what you shouldn't. Hmmm. The introductory note makes mention of strangely nostalgic things like cloud giants, fireballs, fifteen red dragons in a 10x10 room. Oh dear, I'm getting a bad feeling about this one... Let's start reading. Oh-oh! "It's another boring day-cycle at SPI Outfitting and Supply... everyone in SPI sector has been transferred to TSR sector except you..."

Oh look, I can't keep this up any longer. *Orcbusters* is a *Paranoia* module that takes the, er, proverbial out of a certain famous fantasy game (carefully referred to throughout as *Other Game*™). These three wizards and a lizardman are accidentally transferred over into Alpha Complex's dimension and proceed to run about delivering fireballs, protection shields and some wacky gaming jokes to all and sundry. Guess what the Troubleshooters have to do? Yep, send 'em back or sort 'em out! There, I said it.

Of course, taking fantasy gaming as a theme opens the flood gates for all kinds of gratuitous fund at the hobby's expense, and why not? Within the lurid green covers of this adventure you will find raspberry-flavour Gelatinous Monsters, various Wandering Monsters sat around the Wandering Monster Table playing cards, and the ever-present Killer Penguins (obviously a Goldberg and Costikyan trademark). Funnily enough, there's only a single adventure's title. If you really want orcs in *Paranoia* you're gonna have to wait for another adventure.

Ken Rolston, the certifiable author of this major masterpiece, was a designer for TSR. He's certainly used this adventure to get it all out his system - he doesn't let slip a single opportunity to squeeze yet another brain-wrenching joke out of his material. But he does this while still maintaining a plot so creaky it ought to be a door in *Call of Cthulhu*. This adventure, I think, would be an ideal introduction to *Paranoia* for any mild-mannered fantasy gaming group - as long as you invite me along to watch you run it so I can see their faces! Whether you want to play it or just read it, I would suggest that you buy this adventure pack at the earliest opportunity. Go on, treat yourself before the manufacturers of *Other Game*™ slap an injunction on it. Brilliant!

How was that, boss? *(Terrible, Marc, terrible.)*

Marc Gascoigne

Roleplaying Adventure - Call of Cthulhu
Games Workshop £4.95

Hmm, I must admit I approached this one with a bit of trepidation. The previous adventures for *Call of Cthulhu* from GW were rather cheap and cheerful, and hardly major products. It's with a sigh of relief, therefore, that I can report that this double-pack is very good indeed. From the eye-catching Lee Gibbons covers to the tasty card-stock handouts the whole pack radiates class, and at a very good price. So what do you get for your money? Well, two first-class CoC adventures, the second of which is guaranteed to become a classic, presented back-to-back in a 76-page book including 16 pages of hand-outs in the middle.

The shorter of the two adventures, *The Vanishing Conjurer*, comes from the pens of two writers called Mike Lewis and Simon Price, neither of whom I had heard of before. It's set in London in the early '20s, and starts with the investigators being called in to discover the whereabouts of a young stage magician who has vanished. To do this they must penetrate a sinister Magic Circle-like organisation called the Inner Brotherhood of Magicians, by actually posing as prospective magicians. One of the optional rules actually allows players to present real tricks to the keeper at an audition, and there are several suitable tricks in an appendix! Once inside the Brotherhood the team have their work cut out for them finding the missing man, and things eventually come to head in a London theatre. The plot is tight and a little linear, but on the whole this is an ideal adventure to introduce players to the game. It can also be run in Victorian times, for *Cthulhu By Gaslight* devotees.

It's *The Statue of the Sorcerer*, by sometime WD writers Chris Elliott and Richard Edwards, though, that really makes this package worthwhile. Set in San Francisco in 1925, the case revolves around the mysterious death of a private investigator. The investigators are contacted by Dashiell Hammett (yes, the author) who brings with him several strange clues and a rather worrying case. The trail leads to another magical society, though this one appears to be merely a way for its owner, one Claud Worlsman, to fleece superstitious old women of their money. What is the mysterious Mr Worlsman really up to? Find that out and the case is solved!

The plot runs between a good mix of research and action, with many very subtle leads requiring some careful thought by the investigators. Everything is handled with a subtlety I've not seen in a CoC adventure for some time, and in a way that rewards intelligent deduction and penalises the usual blundering idiocies of poorer players. There are some innovations in the adventure, too - for a start it doesn't have any stats in it, which I found rather peculiar, though as it says in their introduction, you really don't need them. Anyway, I heartily enjoyed this adventure and, more importantly, so did my players, though they were challenged to the limit of their abilities by some sections. *The Statue of the Sorcerer* will hopefully be recognised for what it is: a classic adventure, and I implore Games Workshop to produce a sequel featuring Magda You-know-who as soon as they can!

Richard Meadows

OPEN BOX

CA2 - SWORDS OF DECEIT
Roleplaying Adventure - AD&D
TSR £5.95

CA2 is the second module produced for use with the *Lankhmar - City of Adventure AD&D* campaign pack, and consists of three magazine-sized adventures linked only by the common setting. As well as the 40-page scenario booklet, the package includes five pre-generated characters and a copy of the full-colour city map, this time with the main sewers added. More of them later.

The cover of the module claims it's for 4-5 characters of levels 10-15. Don't you believe it. I guess this was done so that Fafhrd and the Grey Mouser could be used, but all the pregenerated characters are levels 7-10 which does rather give the true game away. I have a sneaking suspicion that American-produced modules are written with a few levels of slack in them, so that it's possible to take the Rambo™ approach... Ho hum.

The first scenario, *The Curse of Valinor* is a strong tale about skeletons in the closet coming home to roost, with a mini-dungeon which is slightly hackneyed and a bit too helpful. The distant ancestor has considerately equipped his tomb with a book which explains the whole story in big letters - you know the sort of thing. There are some very nice touches, one of which could haunt the characters for some time, and for once there could be lasting repercussions.

The second scenario, *Return of the Rats*, is a sequel to the story *Swords of Lankhmar*, and is excellent. Fafhrd and the Grey Mouser go missing, and the Overlord recruits Our Heroes to investigate. It's a useful idea to use this scenario first, as it has a better getting-the-party-together scene than the stock 'you are in a tavern when...' As might be expected, this is where the sewer map comes into play. It was a little disappointing, though - a series of straight lines drawn over the city map to link the encounter areas, with no regard to the streets and buildings above. I'm not totally convinced about having two major sewers discharging into the Royal Docks... Apart from this, the adventure is very good. Not one for the hack-and-slay brigade, but with some marvellous role-playing opportunities and some nice NPC characterisation.

One Night in Lankhmar was my favourite out of the three. It starts in a gambling den, which is fully detailed and highly re-usable. There are a couple of glitches, such as the bull-baiting pit which is 5 feet across ('bullette' baiting, perhaps?) and the lack of a map reference in the text (it's Map VII), but on the whole it's a useful stock location. After the opening scenes here, the middle section is a bit shaky - again, the author is too generous with the clues - but it builds into an ending which is an absolute belter. No matter where yourplayers have been or what they've done, they will never, ever forget this one. They'll probably never work out what's going on, either. The whole thing is beautifully set up to leave them with the uneasy feeling that they've just clipped the edge of something really big. A creative DM could spin off a few adventures by letting the players try to piece the story together - they're bound to want to, especially if anyone has played *Call of Cthulhu*.

All in all, *Swords of Deceit* is very good, providing three or four evenings of entertaining play for an experienced DM with a group who are used to demanding and thoughtful adventures with the accent on role-playing. I stress the need for an experienced DM, since the stories are complex and need careful handling, and there are a few glitches which need ironing out. Obviously, it's geared to the Lankhmar campaign setting, but there is no real reason why it couldn't be used without it if the DM is prepared to put in some extra preparation work. If you've got *Lankhmar - City of Adventure*, this module is strongly recommended. If you haven't, it's still worth a look - it might even convince you to try the campaign pack. And if anyone at TSR is reading this, *please* do a poster of the cover - it's the best I've seen for ages!

Graeme Davis

SKYREALMS OF JORUNE
Roleplaying Game
Skyrealms Pubs. £19.95

New fantasy roleplaying games are not so thick on the ground these days, thank goodness, for those that are released need to be something special to survive in an already-crowded marketplace. **Skyrealms of Jorune** has that certain something which will, I believe, enable it to hold its own against all those games we have already taken to our hearts.

The package comes as a boxed set of three rule books - a Player Manual, Sholari (GM's) Book, and Tauther Guide (a sourcebook on Jorune for everyone to use). The set also comes with a short booklet containing a beginning campaign setting, 'The Skyrealm Kolovisondra', and a sheaf of ref and character sheets (no dice for some reason, but I don't think anyone will be buying this game as their first rpg in any case). The Player Manual is the one to turn to first, as usual, where the history of the place is revealed. The planet Jorune is populated by the remains of an old colony of starfaring settlers from Earth, which first arrived three and a half thousand years ago. Over the centuries their civilisation has degenerated, and they have interbred and integrated with the many alien lifeforms on the planet. Most of the technology has been lost, save for the occasional cache of the stuff which is dug up from old colony sites and which now requires a king's ransom to own. In its absence, some humans have developed psionic powers, indistinguishable from magic, which are known as Isho. Those who practice Isho, the Muadra, have gradually become smaller than normal humans, while others - Boccord - have grown in height and become somehow less than humans.

Player characters start as one of the three human types, working through the Player Manual in the usual way. The game system in *Jorune* shares some of the nicer aspects of *RuneQuest*, while adding some neat little devices of its own. Some of the rules explaining skills need thinking about before the penny drops about what's supposed to happen, but on the whole the system is sleek and emminently suitable.

What really gives *Jorune* its reason for existing, though, is its setting. The planet is a fascinating place, with something of the intricate and intriguing atmosphere of Tékumel from that forgotten masterpiece *Empire of the Petal Throne*. On starting play, every adventurer has an immediate goal, for they must travel to the nearest city and declare themselves willing to become citizens. This isn't so easy, as candidates must pass a great many adventuring tests before they are accepted. This quest for citizenship is the basis of the experience system, giving the players instant goals and fine reasons for adventuring at the same time. Right from the start you feel you've plunged head first into a real alien world, with all the intricacies that involves.

Adventuring around the planet can be utterly captivating one moment and terrifying the next. The skyrealms themselves - gigantic areas of land which hang suspended above the earth and hold many ancient secrets from the days before they separated from the surface - are fascinating places, and there are many alien races and creatures scattered about the many lands of Jorune. Some of the many examples include the cleash, insect-like warmongers from the northern ice-fields; the ancient, all-wise and disturbingly faceless shantha; the scholarly thriddle; the savage crugar and woffen, and many more. Each intelligent race is given as much attention as the humans - these are realistic, intelligent beings, not the usual fantasy game cannonfodder (most are far more dangerous than any mere humans, in any case!). At this point I must also say that *Jorune* is decorated with some of the most stunning pieces of artwork ever seen in a roleplaying game, artwork which adds to the strong feeling of an alternative reality that runs throughout the game. Take a look at the portraits of the corastin, cleash or bronth and you just know that, on Jorune, these beings really do live!

The human races of Jorune live mostly in the lands of Burdoth near the centre of the planet, and this area is covered in greater detail even than in the Solari Guide by the first supplement for the game, **Companion Jorune: Burdoth** (£7.95). The 64-page book covers every corner of the humans' domain, detailing each province in turn and providing a fine base for a first campaign. It is distinctly lacking in specific adventures though - even a few suggestions would have been nice - so a Sholari is still going to have to put in some serious work before play can start. *Burdoth* is not essential to play by any means, though it is very interesting in parts, and features more examples of that wondrous artwork!

All in all, *Skyrealms of Jorune* is a worthwhile addition to the gaming field. Apart from a distinct need for its GM to have played other rpgs beforehand, and a lack of introductory adventures, it has few faults, and these are outweighed, to my mind, by the depth of detail on the truly fascinating background. It will never become a major-league system along the lines of D&D or RQ, but there will be many people only too willing to lose themselves in the culture of Jorune, to spend time in tothis, trying to get tauther marks on their challisks and become Drenn.

Robert Neville

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Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay will be published in November, and you can win a copy by entering the Great WFRP Competition. There are 50 brand new copies of the latest Games Workshop roleplaying game, Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay, waiting to be delivered by the speedy Mail Order trolls. If your name is at the bottom of one of the first 50 correct entries that are pulled out of the hat/sack/whatever - you win a copy of the quite staggeringly Chaos-soaked and doom-laden Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay hardback book.

Or, if you can't quite manage to be one of the lucky 50, the next 500 winners will each receive a WFRP voucher worth £3 (more than a 20% discount) when used to buy a copy of the game, which will normally be £14.95. Easy, eh?

Well, not quite. All you have to do - other than tell us your name and address - is answer the ever-so-easy-to-get-right question below, and do this before 17 October 1986 - which is when your entry must have arrived to be put in the hat/sack/whatever. This is so simple even a White Dwarf editor could get it right. Just match up the game with the company that produces it. If you think that Skyrealms of Jorune is produced by Skyrealms Pubs then your answer would be 1. D. There, one free answer!

BUT before you rush off and match-up all the bits, it's only fair to tell you that two of the games listed are produced by one company. This means that one of the letters will get used twice. Hmmm, cunning, you say - and you're right!

1. Skyrealms of Jorune	A. TSR
2. Bushido	B. Palladium
3. Traveller	C. GDW
4. RuneQuestIII	D. Skyrealms Pubs
5. Paranoia	E. Games Workshop
6. Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles & Other Strangeness	F. West End Games
	G. FASA
7. Dr Who	H. Avalon Hill
8. Ghostbusters	I. Mayfair
9. Judge Dredd	J. The Chaosium
10. Dungeons & Dragons	K. FGU
11. DC Heroes	

1.D. 2.... 3.... 4.... 5.... 6.... 7.... 8.... 9.... 10.... 11....

Simple, as we told you. As a final tie-breaker, you should guess your own name and write what you think is the answer in the coupon below, along with where you believe you live. Thank you for your co-operation.

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Ooops! Nearly forgot. The Mail Order Trolls are a frugal (but sordid) bunch. They have decreed that the WFRP prepaid envelope can also be used to send in orders for other goodies (as well as a wonderful, brand spanking new copy of WFRP). All you need to do for this is to tear out page 13 and fold it up inside the competition page. Marvellous, wot you can do wiv a bit of thort...

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CRITICAL MASS

A regular book review column, written by Dave Langford

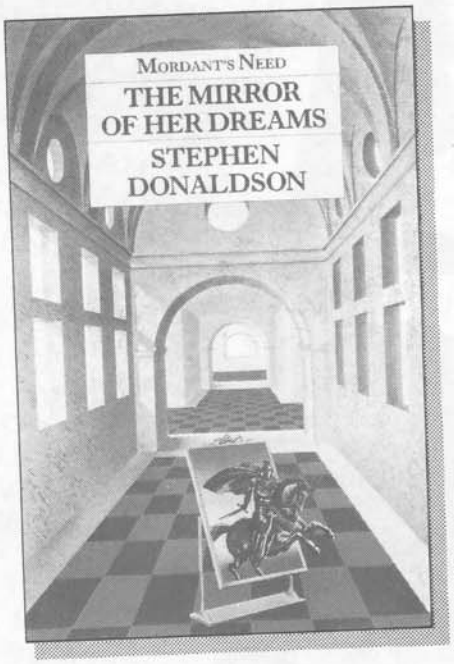
The Book Mountain

Huge piles of stuff today, a veritable EEC book mountain which will ultimately have to be fed to pigs or chemically converted to Watney's Red Barrel. Yet some publishers are rarely represented here: a private Langford vendetta? The answer, like everything about Langford, is more boring. Some outfits keep sending vast parcels of books not to my address but to *Dwarf* itself: these are purloined by typists to prop up wobbly desks, or spend months being forwarded by cleft stick. Some, like Corgi, seem to lose me from their mailing lists. Some, like Pan and Futura, send immense lists of everything they plan to publish, and want me to choose: not only do I usually forget, but it's a bit hard to empty deserved vials of wrath on a book you've specifically *asked* for ... hmm, cunning psychology there.

Most mountainous of the current range is **The Mirror of Her Dreams.** (Collins 658pp £10.95), being part 1 of *Mordant's Need* by good old Stephen Donaldson. Several writers have been doing two-part series lately: it can be a better format than the trilogy, offering set-up and climax without the dread middle-volume blues (whereby, for want of any spare plot, all is padded out with a trip to the One Tree or wherever). Donaldson has abandoned hysterical verbal excesses to describe a world where mirrors are magic, with an interestingly non-leprous visiting heroine from Earth, and fiendish tangles of political intrigue. It kept me turning the too many pages, though I couldn't believe the Marvel Comics SF mega-warrior, or the Feydeauesque scenes in which an ambiguous mage keeps unbuttoning and stroking our heroine's bosoms *but never gets any further*. The final cliff-hanger in the beseiged citadel is effective enough. However, there are so many spare plot-saving devices lying around (lethal mages, the SF warrior, a basement full of doomsday-weapon mirrors, the heroine's undisclosed but guessable Powers, etc.) that I won't lose *too* much sleep wondering how book 2 sorts it all out ...

Slightly slimmer is Ursula Le Guin's **Always Coming Home** (Gollancz 525pp £10.95) which is: A utopian novel. A beautifully illustrated anthropological study of the Kesh, who don't yet exist. A collection of Kesh writings and songs. (You can buy a £6.95 cassette of music to read it by.) Or, says Le Guin, "an Up Yours to the people who ride snowmobiles, make nuclear weapons, and run prison camps ... a critique of civilization possible only to the civilized." Among many rich strangenesses it also includes a critique of its own improbabilities (as seen through twentieth-century eyes). Me, I'm still digesting it: care to join me?

Regulars will know I'm a sucker for Oriental fantasy. (Plugs: Robert Irwin's **The Arabian Nightmare** is being reissued as a highly publicized Penguin. George Meredith's 1898 **The Shaving of Shagpat** is an occasional Arabian treat in dustier second-hand shops.) **Bagdad** by Ian Dennis (Allen & Unwin 211pp £8.95) is an outrageously mannered performance, full of exotic dottiness. The hierarchs of Bagdad seem well grounded in existential Angst and, when not fleeing the improbable bloodbaths of the revolutionary Ripe Fruit Party, tell each other twisted little tales-within-tales like "The Jinni and the Civil Servant". Again, a second and concluding volume is expected.



Moving from Araby to Greece, here's **Olympian Nights** by John Kendrick Bangs (Greenhill 225pp £8.95), a mildly funny 1902 romp wherein an American tourist visits Olympus as the guest of Mr Jupiter Jove Zeus (who believes in high-tech conveniences) and much fun is poked at the classical myths. Dated fun, mostly, but there are good lines here and there.

And blimey, it's another half-diptych: **Master of Paxwax** by Phillip Man (Gollancz 280pp £9.95), which is high-class space opera with a welter of convincing aliens. These beasties are oppressed by jackbooted human empires, but plot vengeance with the unwitting aid of Pawl Paxwax, scion of one of the Rockefeller-powered galactic Families. This fast-moving adventure describes Pawl's rise. The concluding volume is called **The Fall of the Families**. Stay tuned. One quibble: can independent evolution account for the unlikely profusion of alien species equipped to poison humans, use them a larval hosts, etc?

Alison Prince's **The Others** (Methuen 208pp £7.95) is — unusually for "younger readers" SF — set in a nasty post-holocaust anthill where people are physically and mentally programmed for their jobs. The gardener hero has a garden-twine hair, secateur fingers and, presumably, terrible problems when he picks his nose. Not desperately convincing in its resolution (a totalitarian set-up reformed by appeal to external authority?), but otherwise it's tense and gritty stuff. Rather than being miraculously preserved to the finale, likeable characters can *die*.

This also applies to the amazingly prolific Piers Anthony's latest couple. **Executive** (Granada 336pp £2.95) is the fourth Hope Hubris book, with Hubris trying out all Anthony's pet political notions as the liberal Tyrant of Jupiter — a thinly disguised USA. The allegory can get wearying: this is presumably why the book is pepped up with massive doses of the weird exercise (combining arm-wrestling, origami and dialectical analysis) which is the author's version of sex. More promising was **With a Tangled Skein** (Grafton 413pp £2.95), third of the *Incarnations of Immortality* series which started so well. Thumbs-down, I fear: Anthony's fluency never flags, but *Skein* suffers from dull passages rehashing earlier books, and falls apart entirely at the end. Again the salvation of the world depends on depressingly arbitrary problem-solving which has *no* organic connection with the plot: Fate, the heroine, defeats Satan by remembering how to detect a counterfeit amongst 12 coins, using only 3 weighings, and the critic bangs his head on the wall.

The Penguin World Omnibus of SF (320pp £3.50), edited by Brian Aldiss and Sam J. Lundwall, offers representative tales from 26 countries. It's oddly like an historical collection: a language's SF moves further from the Wellsian tale of wonder as sophistication and schlock accumulate, and for all the skills of the English speakers here, the more "isolated" authors can be closer to the wellsprings. Better to be over-naive or over-blasé? You choose.

Towering over the word processor is an Everest of reprints. *Gollancz* offer volumes 5 to 8 in their £2.95 Classic SF series, and are doing a good job despite copyright problems. Clarke's **The City and the Stars** and Heinlein's **The Door into Summer** are probably the author's best-loved novels; I've long been fond of the Pohl/Kornbluth **Wolfbane**, here slightly revised by Pohl; and Sladek's hysterical **The Reproductive System** is another personal favourite. Meanwhile, Grafton offer Asimov's barely connected "Galactic Empire" novels as new £9.95 hardbacks: **Pebble in the Sky** is a not-bad first novel, **The Stars Like Dust** is that embarrassing one whose long-sought Macguffin proves to be the US Constitution (thanks to the editorial insistence of John W. Campbell), and **The Currents of Space** is and OK sample of middle-period Asimov. Strangely omitted: **The End of Eternity**, arguably the first and best of this non-Foundation, non-robot "series".

Other peaks climbed: **Les Diaboliques** by Barbey D'Aurevillly (1874; Dedalus 254pp £3.95), lushly warped, edging into psychological horror; **Daybreak on a Different Mountain** by Colin Greenland (Unicorn 246pp £3.50), entropic, anti-heroic fantasy; Michael Moorcock's **The Rituals of Infinity** (NEL 159pp £2.50) — immature, lightweight SF — and **Chronicles of Castle Brass** (Grafton 423pp £3.95), fun fantasy hokum; **The Book of Lost Tales 2** by J.R.R.Posthumouslaundrylists (Unicorn 385pp £3.50); Ian Watson's fine, offbeat **The Book of Being** (Grafton 223pp £2.50); and Roger Zelazny's linked **Isle of the Dead** and **To Die in Italbar** (both Methuen £2.50), the first enjoyable, the second overpopulated, jerky and disappointing.

At this stage, having fallen into a crevasse of unreadables, I'm helplessly awaiting the arrival of a St Bernard with a keg of real ale round its neck.

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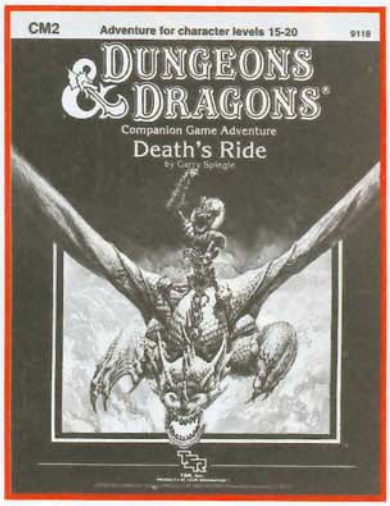

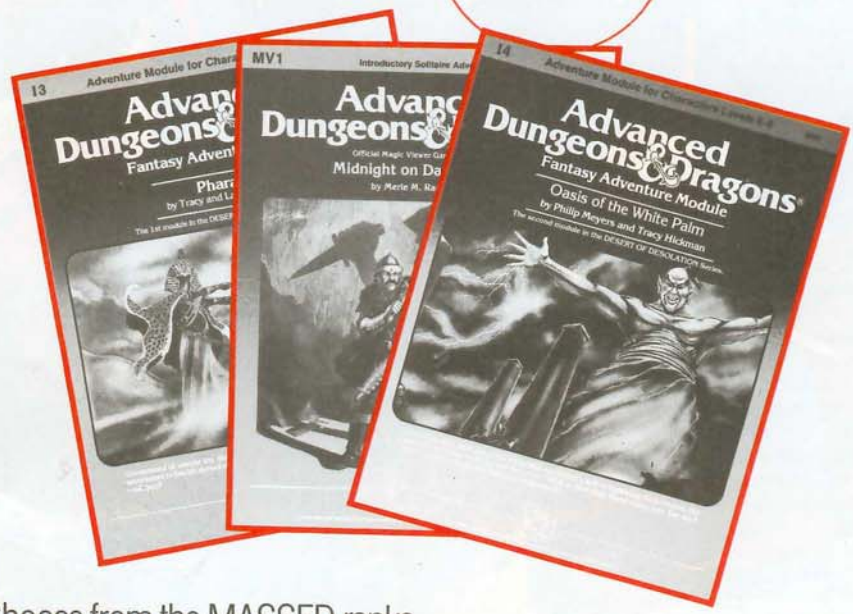

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All the nice dwarves luv a Sailor

By Gary Chalk

The Ships

Before we embark (little naval pun, there) on the rules proper, let's have a look at the availability of suitable model ships. After all, the rules won't beh use until you have assembled your miniature navy.

There are some large scale plastic kits of suitable Medieval or Elizabethan ships around, but these can be very expensive. There are also some Roman or Greek galleys produced by Atlantic of Italy, but these are not widely available and, as they are moulded in soft polystyrene, they tend to be a bit bendy. All commercially available ships share one other problem, they are not designed to accept figures with bases of the sizes specified by the Warhammer rules. This means that you can never stand your figures where you want to and actually playing a game becomes very difficult. Bearing all these considerations in mind, it's probably easier to build your own from scratch.

The ships in the photograph were all constructed from mounting card with dowel for masts and spars. Mounting board is available from art shops or can be obtained cheaply as off-cuts from picture framers. The constructional diagrams should give you a pretty clear idea of how to proceed in putting a basic ship together or you could have a look in the next Citadel Compendium, which will include card boat kit by David Andrews. Once you have your hull and super-structure completed, you can dress it up using strip balsa wood for rails and ladders, Citadel thrones and bolt-throwers, flags and sails from paper, while small washers make excellent porthole surrounds. The largest of my ships, the Death-Hulk with the yellow sail, features a cage, built of card and balsa, which can swing out on a gantry over and enemy's deck. The cage can then be released to crash down and free its hideous occupants on the unsuspecting mariners below!

However individual you make your ships, you should always bear in mind the following:

1. Make sure that decks, galleries, crows nests etc are large enough to accept the bases on your figures.
2. Make sure that the ships are strong enough to take repeated handling while loaded with heavy contingents of troops. Brace the model internally with card strips and reinforce the corners with square section balsa strip.
3. Keep the detailing simple, if you clutter up the decks of your ship with belaying pins, fire buckets, spitoons etc they will get in the way as you rush your troops from poop to foc'sle. Rigging can also prevent you

getting your hands down to deck level when you need to, and for this reason I have left my ships unrigged. The yards simply hook on to the mast with wire loops.

4. Keep your ships small enough to use where you usually game. Don't build the *Titanic* if you only have room for half a dozen pygmy canoes. Of course, if you do have delusions of grandeur and wish to fight a fantasy Trafalgar you could always use a suitable floor or, if the weather is fine, a flat lawn or an area of concrete with piles of sand for mudbanks and islands.

The Rules

These rules are designed for simplicity and ease of use. Once ships come within arrow or magic range all hell will let loose, and the simpler it is to sail your ship, the happier you will be. If you are bent on designing steam-powered dwarven hydrofoils or goblin submersibles you'll have to work out the rules for those yourself...

Types of Ship

Dinghies - Small oared craft up to 20 feet long. Also canoes, small rafts and dinghies under oars.

Rowing Boats - Small oared craft up to 20 feet long. Also canoes, small rafts and dinghies under oars.

Barges - Oared vessels over 20 feet in length.

Ships - Sailing vessels between 20 and 60 feet in length.

Hulks - Sailing vessels between 20 and 60 feet in length.

NB - 'Length' is the length of the vessel's hull at the water line.

Crews

The crew are treated as part of the ship's fabric for the purpose of death or damage. The vessel may thus be moved when no troops or marines are on board.

Barges and rowing boats are rowed by the figures aboard. If all the troops on board a barge disembark then the vessel cannot move.

Movement

All movement speeds are shown in inches per phase.

VESSEL TYPE	WIND ASTERN	ACROSS WIND	INTO WIND	WEIGHT CLASS
Dinghy	6	5	4	LIGHTEST
Rowing Boat	4	3	2	
Barge	5	4	3	
Ship	7	5	4	
Hulk	6	4	3	HEAVIEST

Sailing craft heading into the wind must tack. The minimum permitted angle into the wind at the end of a tack is 45°. A barge or rowing boat that loses more than 50% of its figures may only move at up to half of its maximum speed. A stationary vessel takes 1 movement phase to set sail. The next move may take place at up to half of its maximum speed only. To take in sail takes a vessel 1 movement phase. The next phase takes place at half the vessels previous speed.

Running Aground

Dinghies and rowing boats cannot run aground. All other ships have a percentage chance of running aground within 4" of the shore.

To test - Roll 1 D100 and compare to the table below as soon as the vessel enters the shallow area. Test at the beginning of each subsequent movement phase that the vessel is still within 4" of the shore.

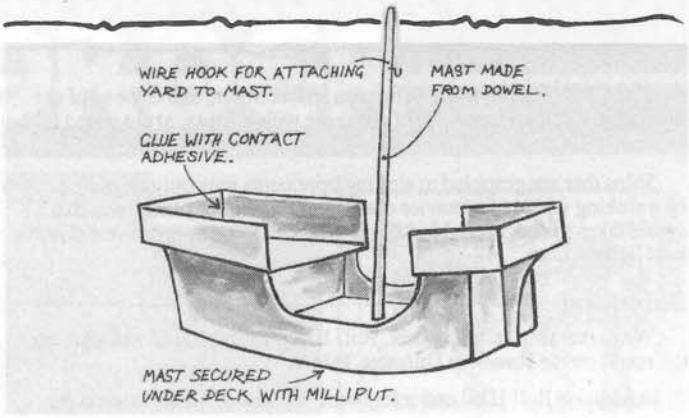
Vessel Type	Percentage Chance Of Running Aground
Barge	30%
Ship	50%
Hulk	70%

Vessels which run aground stop all movement at once.

A vessel may be towed off if the towers manage to get a grappling hook across. (See **Grappling Hooks** below). A vessel may be towed off by a ship of equal or heavier class, for example a ship may be towed off by a hulk or by another ship. A vessel may also be towed off by two of the next lightest class of vessel or by four of the next class after that. A hulk may be towed off by two ships or four barges, while a barge can be towed off by two rowing boats or dinghies. Troops may wade ashore at ½ normal speed from grounded vessels. Troops who are wounded while wading ashore refer to the **Drowning Table**.

Missile Fire

All missile fire (including magic missiles) is carried out as normal in order to calculate casualties amongst the figures on board an enemy vessel. Once these casualties have been removed it is necessary to check if there is any damage to the ships' fabric or to its notional crew. This is done by referring to the **Random Damage Table**.



Random Damage Table

Roll 1D100 for effect.

Percentage	Effect
1-60	No damage.
61.70	Damaged rigging, ½ speed next phase.
71-80	Rudder damaged, straight ahead only for the next 2 phases.
81-90	Helmsman dead or panicked. Random direction for next 2 phases. Test direction each phase by rolling 1D100. See below for direction:
91-100	Yards cut. 2 phases to repair at ½ present speed.

Fire Damage

Each ship has 3 section, forecastle, sterncastle and amidships. These are treated as buildings. Calculate fire effect as on p48 of the Warhammer Combat Rules and then roll again on the **Random Damage Table**.

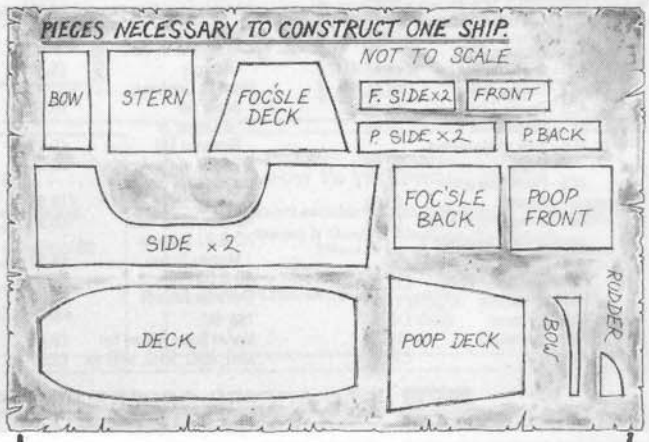
Grappling Hooks

Grappling hooks are present on each vessel in the following numbers:

Dinghy/Rowing boat	1 only
Barge/Ship	2
Hulk	3

These grappling hooks must be allocated to specific figures before the game commences. They have the range of javelins and are thrown as normal in the missile phase. A successful roll to hit means that the grappling hook has found its target and can only be removed by cutting it free. Grappling hooks that miss can be re-used in the subsequent firing phases.

Grappling hooks may be cut free with edged weapons during the combat phase. Roll to hit as normal, assuming the hook to have WS 4. A successful roll to hit means that the line to the hook has been severed and that it cannot be re-used. Two figures are permitted to attempt to free it in any one combat phase.



All the nice dwarves luv a Sailor

Ships that grapple while in motion will continue at the speed of the heavier. Or, if the vessels are of the same weight class, at the speed of the slowest.

Ships that are grappled to sinking opponents may only be pulled down by a sinking vessel of a heavier class. The number of phases which a vessel takes to sink is doubled if it is grappled to an unholed vessel of the next lightest class.

Ramming

When one ship rams another, Roll 1D100 for each ship and look up the result on the **Random Damage Table.**

In addition Roll 1D10 and refer to the Ramming Table, to see if the vessels become locked together.

Ramming Table

Roll 1D10 for effect.

Result	Effect
1-5	Vessels locked and stationary. Roll again next.
6-10	Vessels free. Continue at ½ previous speed in a random direction (See **Random Danage Table** for method.)

If the rammer has hit the side or stern of the target vessel, the target player rolls 1D10 and refers the result to the Sinking Table. If rammer and target meet bow to bow, then both players refer the results to the Sinking Table.

Sinking Table

Roll 1D10 and add the following modifiers:

Ramming vessel at maximum speed: **+1**
Rammed by vessel equipped with ram: **+1**
Rammed by heavier vessel: per weight class: **+1**
Moving directly away from rammer: **-1**
Rammed by lighter vessel per each weight class: **-1**

Result	Effect
1-6	Hull undamaged.
7-8	Hull holed. The vessel will sink on the end of the 4th movement phase from impact.
9-10	Hull holed. The vessel with sink on the end of the 2nd movement phase from impact.

Drowning

Troops must test for drowning if their ship sinks and they are more than 4" from land. They must also test for drowning if they are wounded while wading the final 4". to dry land. Troops in plate armour cannot swim and automatically drown. Other troops Roll 1D100 for each figure and refer to the Drowning Table below.

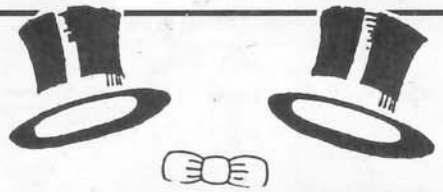
Drowning Table

Roll 1D100 and add the following modifiers.

Creature over 10 ft high	+ 20%
Elves	+ 10%
Orcs, Goblins etc.	- 10%
Hobbits	- 20%
Subject to stupidity	- 10%
For each wound	- 10%

Armour Type	Result
Chainmail	1-50% Drowns 51-100% Survives
No Armour	1-30% Drowns 31-100% Survives

Troops who survive, swim to the nearest land or friendly vessel at ½ normal land speed. They lose all polearms, bows and shields. Any troops who are wounded while swimming immediately test again on the **Drowning Table**.



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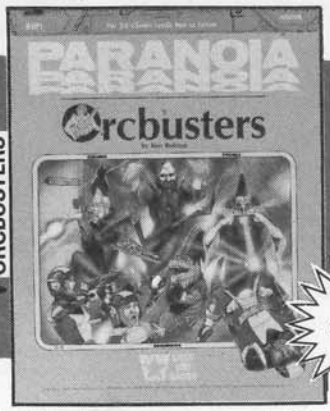

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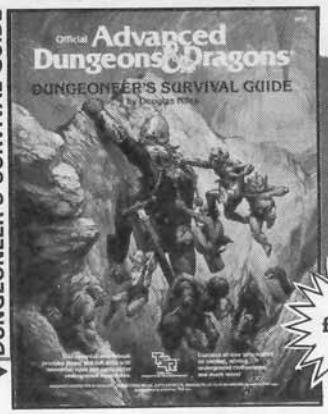

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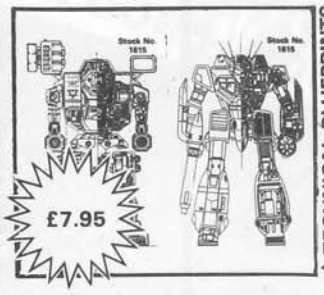

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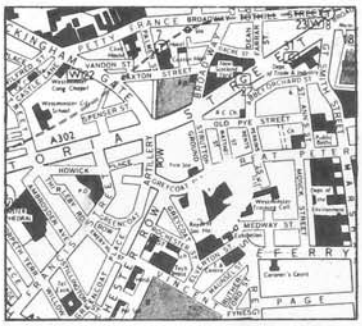

Dates & Times:
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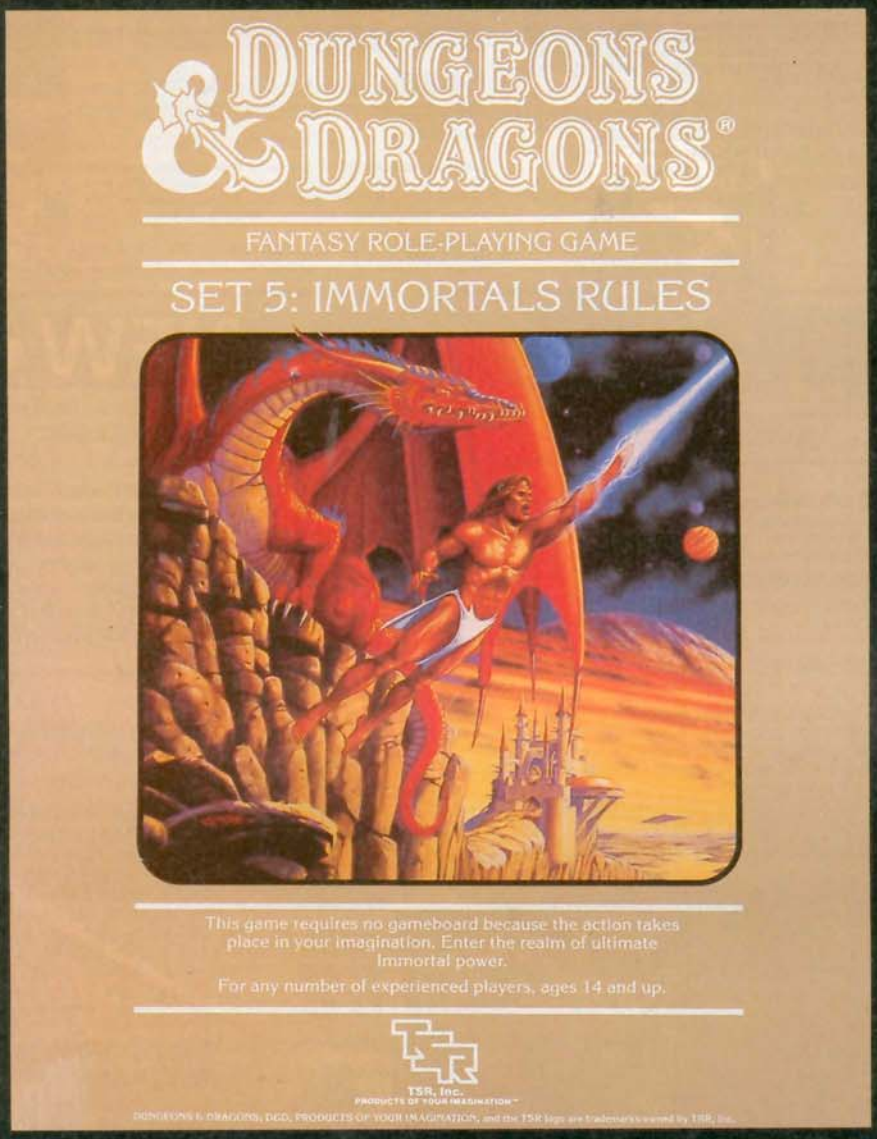

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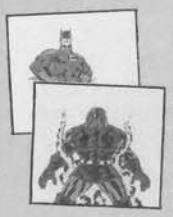

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Thunder rolled across Unseen University. Rain poured over its roofs and gurgled out of its gargoyles, although one or two of the more cunning ones had scuttled off to shelter among the maze of tiles.

Far below, in the Great Hall, the eight most powerful wizards in the Discworld gathered at the angles of a ceremonial octagram. Actually they probably weren't the most powerful, if the truth were known, but they certainly had great powers of survival which, in the highly competitive world of magic, was pretty much the same thing. Behind every wizard of the eighth rank were half a dozen seventh rank wizards trying to bump him off, and senior wizards had to develop an inquiring attitude to, for example, scorpions in their bed. An ancient proverb summed it up: when a wizard is tired of looking for broken glass in his dinner, he is tired of life.

The oldest wizard, Greyhald Spold of the Ancient and Truly Original Sages of the Unbroken Circle, leaned heavily on his carven staff and spake thusly:

'Get on with it, Weatherwax, my feet are giving me gyp.'

Galder, who had merely paused for effect, glared at him.

'Very well, then, I will be brief — '

'Jolly good.'

'We have all sought guidance as to the events of this morning. Can anyone among us say he received it?'

The wizards looked sidelong at each other. Nowhere outside a trades union conference fraternal benefit night can so much mutual distrust and suspicion be found as among a gathering of senior enchanters. But the plain fact was that the day had gone very badly. Normally informative demons, summoned abruptly from the Dungeon Dimensions, had looked sheepish and sidled away when questioned. Magic mirrors had cracked. Tarot cards had mysteriously become blank. Crystal balls had gone all cloudy. Even tealeaves, normally scorned by wizards as frivolous and unworthy of contemplation, had clustered together at the bottom of cups and refused to move.

In short, the assembled wizards were at a loss. There was a general murmur of agreement.

'And therefore I propose that we perform the Rite of AshkEnte,' said Galder dramatically.

He had to admit that he had hoped for a better response, something on the lines of, well, 'No, not the Rite of AshkEnte! Man was not meant to meddle with such things!'

In fact, there was a general mutter of approval.

'Good idea.'

'Seems reasonable.'

'Get on with it, then.'

Slightly put out, he summoned a procession of lesser wizards who carried various magic implements into the hall.

It has already been hinted that around this time there was some disagreement among the fraternity of wizards about how to practise magic.

Younger wizards in particular went about saying that it was time that magic started to update its image and that they should all stop mucking about with bits of wax and bone and put the whole thing on a properly-organised basis, with research programmes and three-day conventions in good hotels where they could read papers with titles like 'Whither Geomancy' and 'The role of Seven-League Boots in a caring society.'

Trymon, for example, hardly ever did any magic these days but ran the Order with hourglass efficiency and wrote lots of memos and had a big chart on his office wall, covered with coloured blobs and flags and lines that no-one else really understood but which looked very impressive.

The other type of wizard thought all this was so much marsh gas and wouldn't have anything to do with an image unless it was made of wax and had pins stuck in it.

The heads of the eight orders were all of this persuasion, traditionalists to a mage, and the utensils that were heaped around the octagram had a definite, no-nonsense occult look about them. Rams horns, skulls, baroque metalwork and heavy candles were much in evidence, despite the discovery by younger wizards that the Rite of AshkEnte could perfectly well be performed with three small bits of wood and 4 cc of mouse blood.

The preparations normally took several hours, but the combined powers of the senior wizards shortened it considerably and, after a mere forty minutes, Galder chanted the final words of the spell. They hung in front of him for a moment before dissolving.

The air in the centre of the octagram shimmered and thickened, and suddenly contained a tall, dark figure. Most of it was hidden by a black robe and hood and this was probably just as well. It held a long scythe in one hand and one couldn't help noticing that what should have been fingers were simply white bone.

The other skeletal hand held small cubes of cheese and pineapple on a stick.

'WELL?' said Death, in a voice with all the warmth and colour of an iceberg. He caught the wizards' gaze, and glanced down at the stick.

'I WAS AT A PARTY,' he added, a shade reproachfully.

'O Creature of Earth and Darkness, we do charge three to abjure from - ' began Galder in a firm, commanding voice. Death nodded.

'YES, YES, I KNOW ALL THAT,' he said. 'WHY HAVE YOU SUMMONED ME?'

'It is said that you can see both the past and future,' said Galder a little sulkily, because the big speech of binding and conjuration was one he rather liked and people had said he was very good at it.

'THAT IS ABSOLUTELY CORRECT.'

'Then perhaps you could tell us what exactly it was that happened this morning?' said Galder. He pulled himself together, and added loudly, 'I command this by Azimrothe, by T'chikel, by - '

'ALL RIGHT, YOU'VE MADE YOUR POINT,' said Death. 'WHAT PRECISELY WAS IT YOU WISHED TO KNOW? QUITE A LOT OF THINGS HAPPENED THIS MORNING. PEOPLE WERE BORN, PEOPLE DIED, ALL THE TREES GREW A BIT TALLER, RIPPLES MADE INTERESTING PATTERNS ON THE SEA - '

'I mean about the Octavo,' said Galder coldly.

'THAT? OH, THAT WAS JUST A READJUSTMENT OF REALITY. I UNDERSTAND THE OCTAVO WAS ANXIOUS NOT TO LOSE THE EIGHTH SPELL. IT WAS DROPPING OFF THE DISC, APPARENTLY.'

'Hold on, hold on,' said Galder. He scratched his chin. 'Are we talking about the one inside the head of Rincewind? Tall thin man, bit scraggy? The one - '

'- THAT HE HAS BEEN CARRYING AROUND ALL THESE YEARS, YES.'

Galder frowned. It seemed a lot of trouble to go to. Everybody knew that when a wizard died all the spells in his head would go free, so why bother to save Rincewind? The spell would just float back eventually.

'Any idea why?' he said without thinking and then, remembering himself in time, added hastily 'By Yrriph and Kcharla I do abjure thee and-'

'I WISH YOU WOULDN'T KEEP DOING THAT,' said Death. 'ALL THAT I KNOW IS THAT ALL THE SPELLS HAVE TO BE SAID TOGETHER NEXT HOGSWATCHNIGHT OR THE DISC WILL BE DESTROYED.'

'Speak up there!' demanded Greyhald Spold.

'Shut up!' said Galder.

'ME?'

'No, him. Daft old - '

'I heard that!' snapped Spold, 'You young people - ' He stopped. Death was looking at him thoughtfully, as if he was trying to remember his face.

'Look,' said Galder, 'just repeat that bit again will you? The Disc will be what?'

'DESTROYED,' said Death. 'CAN I GO NOW? I LEFT MY DRINK.'

'Hang on,' said Galder hurriedly. 'By Cheliliki and Orizione and so forth, what do you mean, destroyed?'

'IT'S AN ANCIENT PROPHECY WRITTEN ON THE INNER WALLS OF THE GREAT PYRAMID OF TSORT. THE WORD DESTROYED SEEMS QUITE SELF-EXPLANATORY TO ME.'

'That's all you can tell us?'

'YES.'

'But Hogswatchnight is only two months away!'

'YES.'

'At least you can tell us where Rincewind is now!'

Death shrugged. It was a gesture he was particularly well built for.

'THE FOREST OF SKUND, RIMWARDS OF THE RAMTOP MOUNTAINS.'

'What is he doing there?'

'FEELING VERY SORRY FOR HIMSELF.'

'Oh.'

'NOW MAY I GO?'

Galder nodded distractedly. He had been thinking wistfully of the banishment ritual, which started 'Begone foul shade' and had some rather impressive passages which he had been practising, but somehow he couldn't work up any enthusiasm.

'Oh, yes,' he said. 'Thank you, yes.' And then, because it's as well not to make enemies even among the creatures of night, he added politely, 'I hope it is a good party.'

Death didn't answer. He was looking at Spold in the same way that a dog looks at a bone, only in this case things were more or less the other way round.

'I said I hope it is a good party,' said Galder loudly.

'AT THE MOMENT IT IS,' said Death levelly. 'I THINK IT MIGHT GO DOWNHILL VERY QUICKLY AT MIDNIGHT.'

'Why?'

'THAT'S WHEN THEY THINK I'LL BE TAKING MY MASK OFF.'

He vanished, leaving only a cocktail stick and a short paper streamer behind.

★ ★ ★

There had been an unseen observer of all this. It was of course entirely against the rules, but Trymon knew all about rules and had always considered they were for making, not obeying.

Long before the eight mages had got down to some serious arguing about what the apparition had meant he was down in the main levels of the University library.

It was an awe-inspiring place. Many of the books were magical, and the important thing to remember about grimoires is that they are deadly in the hands of any librarian who cares about order, because he's bound to stick them all on the same shelf. This is not a good idea with books that tend to leak magic, because more than one or two of them together form a critical Black Mass. On top of that, many of the lesser spells are quite particular about the company they keep, and tend to express any objections by hurling their books viciously across the room. And, of course, there is always the half-felt presence of the Things from the Dungeon Dimensions, clustering around the magical leakage and constantly probing the walls of reality.

The job of magical librarian, who has to spend his working days in this sort of highly charged atmosphere, is a high risk occupation.

The Head Librarian was sitting on top of his desk, quietly peeling an orange, and was well aware of that.

He glanced up when Trymon entered.

'I'm looking for anything we've got on the Pyramid of Tsort,' said Trymon. He had come prepared: he took a banana out of his pocket.

The librarian looked at it mournfully, and then flopped down heavily on the floor. Trymon found a soft hand poked gently into his and the librarian led the way, waddling sadly between the bookshelves. It was like holding a little leather glove.

Around them the books sizzled and sparked, with the occassion discharge of undirected magic flashing over the carefully placed earthing rods nailed to the shelves. There was a tinny, blue smell and, just at the very limit of hearing, the horrible chittering of the dungeon creatures.

Like many other parts of Unseen University the library occupied rather more space than its outside dimensions would suggest, because magic distorts space in strange ways, and it was probably the only library in the universe with Mobius shelves. But the librarian's mental catalogue was ticking over perfectly. He stopped by a soaring stack of musty books and swung himself up into the darkness. There was a sound of rustling paper, and a cloud of dust floated down to Trymon. Then the librarian was back, a slim volume in his hands.

'Oook,' he said.

Trymon took it gingerly.

The cover was scratched and very dog eared, the gold of its lettering had long ago curled off, but he could just about make out, in the old magic tongue of the Tsort Valley, the words: Iyt Gryte Teymple Hyte Tsort, Y Hiystory Myistical.

'Oook?' said the librarian, anxiously.

Trymon turned the pages cautiously. He wasn't very good at languages, he'd always found them highly inefficient things which by rights out to be replaced by some sort of easily understood numerical system, but this seemed exactly what he was looking for. There were whole pages covered with meaningful hieroglyphs.

'Is this the only book you've got about the pyramid of Tsort?' he said slowly.

'Oook.'

'You're quite sure?'

'Oook.'

Trymon listened. He could hear, a long way off, the sound of approaching feet and arguing voices. But he had been prepared for that, too.

He reached into a pocket.

'Would you like another banana?' he said.

★ ★ ★

The forest of Skund was indeed enchanted, which was nothing unusual on the Disc, and was the only forest in the whole universe to be called - in the local language - Your Finger You Fool, which was the literal meaning of the word Skund.

The reason for this is regrettably all too common. When the first explorers from the warm lands about the Circle Sea travelled to the chilly hinterlands they filled in the blank spaces on their maps by grabbing the nearest native, pointing at some distant landmark, speaking very clearly in a loud voice, and writing down whatever the bemused man told them. Thus were immortalised

in generations of atlases such geographical oddities as Just a Mountain, I Don't Know, What? and, of course, Your Finger You Fool.

Rainclouds clustered around the bald heights of Mt. Oolskunrahod('Who is this Fool who does Not Know what a Mountain Is') and the Luggage settled itself comfortably under a dripping tree, which tried unsuccessfully to strike up a conversation.

Twoflower and Rincewind were arguing. The person they were arguing about sat on his mushroom and watched them with interest. He looked like some who smelled like someone who lived in a mushroom, and that bothered Twoflower.

'Well, why hasn't he got a red hat?'

Rincewind hesitated, desperately trying to imagine what Twoflower was getting at.

'What?' he said, giving in.

'He should have a red hat,' said Twoflower. 'And he certainly ought to be cleaner and more, more sort of jolly. He doesn't look like any sort of gnome to me.'

'What are you going on about?'

'Look at that beard,' said Twoflower sternly. 'I've seen better beards on a piece of cheese.'

'Look, he's six inches high and lives in a mushroom,' snarled Rincewind. 'Of course he's a bloody gnome.'

'We've only got his word for it.'

Rincewind looked down at the gnome.

'Excuse me,' he said. He took Twoflower to the other side of the clearing.

'Listen,' he said between gritted teeth. 'If he was fifteen feet tall and said he was a giant we'd only have his word for that too, wouldn't we?'

'He could be a goblin,' said Twoflower defiantly.

Rincewind looked back at the tiny figure, which was industriously picking its nose.

'Well?' he said. 'So what? Gnome, goblin, pixie - so what?'

'Not a pixie,' said Twoflower, firmly. 'Pixies, they wear these sort of green combinations and they have pointy caps and little knobbly antenna thingies sticking out of their heads. I've seen pictures.'

'Where?'

Twoflower hesitated, and looked at his feet. 'I think it was called the "mutter, mutter, mutter."'

'The what? Called the what?'

The little man took a sudden interest in the backs of his hands.

'The Little Folk's Book of Flower Fairies,' he muttered.

Rincewind looked blank.

'It's a book on how to avoid them?' he said.

'Oh no,' said Twoflower hurriedly. 'It tells you where to look for them. I can remember the pictures now.' A dreamy look came over his face, and Rincewind groaned inwardly. 'There was even a special fairy that came and took your teeth away.'

'What, came and pulled out your actual teeth - ?'

'No, no, you're wrong, I mean after they'd fallen out, what you did was, you put the tooth under your pillow and the fairy came and took it away and left a *rhinu* piece.'

'Why?'

'Why what?'

'Why did it collect teeth?'

'It just did.'

Rincewind formed a mental picture of some strange entity living in a castle made of teeth. It was the kind of mental picture you tried to forget. Unsuccessfully.

'Urgh,' he said.

Red hats! He wondered whether to enlighten the tourist about what life was really like when a frog was a good meal, a rabbit hole was a useful place to shelter out of the rain, and an owl a drifting, silent terror in the night. Moleskin trousers sounded quaint unless you personally had to remove them from the owner when the vicious little sod was cornered in his burrow. As for red hats, anyone who went around a forest looking bright and conspicuous would do so very, very briefly.

He wanted to say: look, the life of gnomes and goblins is nasty, brutish and short. So are they.

He wanted to say all this, and couldn't. For a man with an itch to see the whole of infinity, Twoflower never actually moved outside his own head. Telling him the truth would be like kicking a spaniel.

'Swee whee weedle wheet,' said a voice by his foot. He looked down. The gnome, who had introduced himself as Swires, looked up. Rincewind had a very good ear for languages. The gnome had just said 'I've got some newt sorbet left over from yesterday.'

'Sounds wonderful,' said Rincewind.

Swires gave him another prod in the ankle.

'The other bigger, is he all right?' he said solicitously.

'He's just suffering from reality shock,' said Rincewind. 'You haven't got a red hat, by any chance?'

'Wheet?'

'Just a thought.'

'I know where there's some food for biggers,' said the gnome, 'and shelter, too. It's not far.'

Rincewind looked at the lowering sky. The daylight was draining out of the landscape and the clouds looked as if they had heard about snow and were considering the idea. Of course, people who lived in mushrooms couldn't necessarily be trusted, but right now a trap baited with a hot meal and clean sheets would have had the wizard hammering to get in.

They set off. After a few seconds the Luggage got carefully to its feet and started to follow.

'Psst!'

It turned carefully, little legs moving in a complicated pattern, and appeared to look up.

'Is it good, being joinery?' said the tree, anxiously. 'Did it hurt?'

The Luggage seemed to think about this. Every brass handle, every knothole, radiated extreme concentration.

Then it shrugged its lid and waddled away.

The tree sighed, and shook a few dead leaves out of its twigs.

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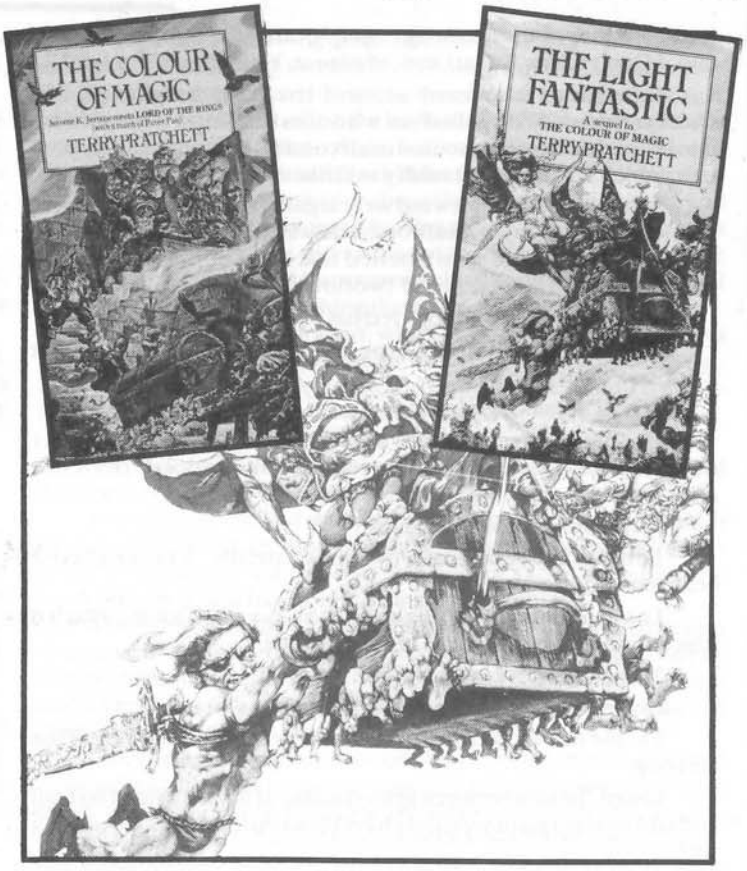
Send your list of spells, the type of computer you own (Amstrad CPC 464/CPC664, Commodore 64/12 or Spectrum 48/128 - just so that we send the right version of the Piranha game if you have a machine and want a copy) and your name and address to: *Octavo Competition, White Dwarf, Games Workshop Design Studio, Enfield Chambers, 14-16 Low Pavement, Nottingham NG1 7DL.*

Entries should arrive no later than 14 November 1986.



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Yazeran scowled deeply at the orb, peering with one myopic eye at the slender green flame that danced within. He absent-mindedly polished his other eye (a purely cosmetic appliance whose size and hue were a near match for the device before him) on the hem of his ceremonial robes. Replacing this less functional of the crystal spheres in its equally redundant socket, he turned from the table to face his superior.

"While the flame dances, Gnarok still lives!" he stated tersely, "my powers, such as remain, will serve merely to observe and report – I can offer him no assistance."

His companion, bloodstained and weary, lent back against the heavily barricaded door that would soon serve as their last defence against the returning northmen. He nodded slowly: "Then let us hope that we sell our lives dearly here and buy him sufficient time to flee from this hellish place. Our army to the south must get that message and intercept their main force, or the northmen will surely escape. If they have time to learn the secrets of the artifact and use it against us, no power on earth will stop them when they next return..."

As if to prove this very point Hadrin was cut short in no uncertain terms, as with a sudden splintering crash a Henninga axe blade appeared through the door behind his head, signally both his own demise and the return of the northmen. Yazeran, as the last survivor, hastily prepared a defensive spell. Unnoticed, within the orb behind him, a small green flame slowly died...

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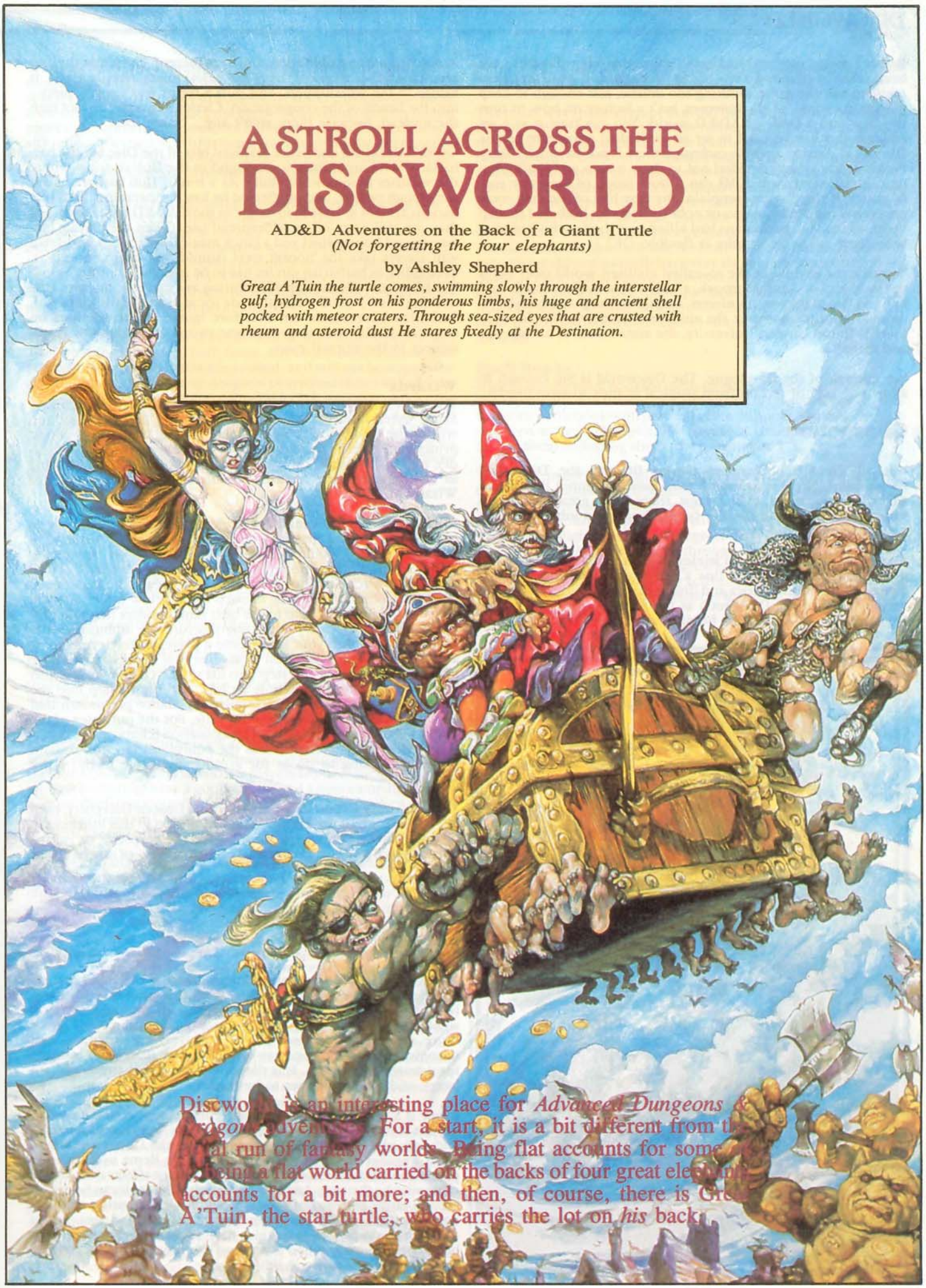
A STROLL ACROSS THE DISCWORLD

AD&D Adventures on the Back of a Giant Turtle
(Not forgetting the four elephants)

by Ashley Shepherd

Great A'Tuin the turtle comes, swimming slowly through the interstellar gulf, hydrogen frost on his ponderous limbs, his huge and ancient shell pocked with meteor craters. Through sea-sized eyes that are crusted with rheum and asteroid dust He stares fixedly at the Destination.



Discworld is an interesting place for *Advanced Dungeons & Dragons* adventures. For a start, it is a bit different from the usual run of fantasy worlds. Being flat accounts for some of it; being a flat world carried on the backs of four great elephants accounts for a bit more; and then, of course, there is Great A'Tuin, the star turtle, who carries the lot on *his* back.

Before I go any further, I had better admit that a few liberties have been taken in adapting *The Colour of Magic* and *The Light Fantastic* to suit the game. Nothing too drastic, just enough to keep players guessing... This, however, isn't a lecture on how to turn the Disc into a D&D or AD&D world. You can treat it as a set of ideas that can be used to set an individual adventure on the Discworld. Setting a whole campaign there is not so simple. Terry Pratchett has wisely decided not to draw a map and limit what he can put in later on. GMs can follow much of the same sort of policy. If the players complain, the new bits of the map were previously hidden by magic, or nobody had ever bothered to map them, or the Hub barbarians had killed everybody who had ever been there... The geography is flexible, OK?

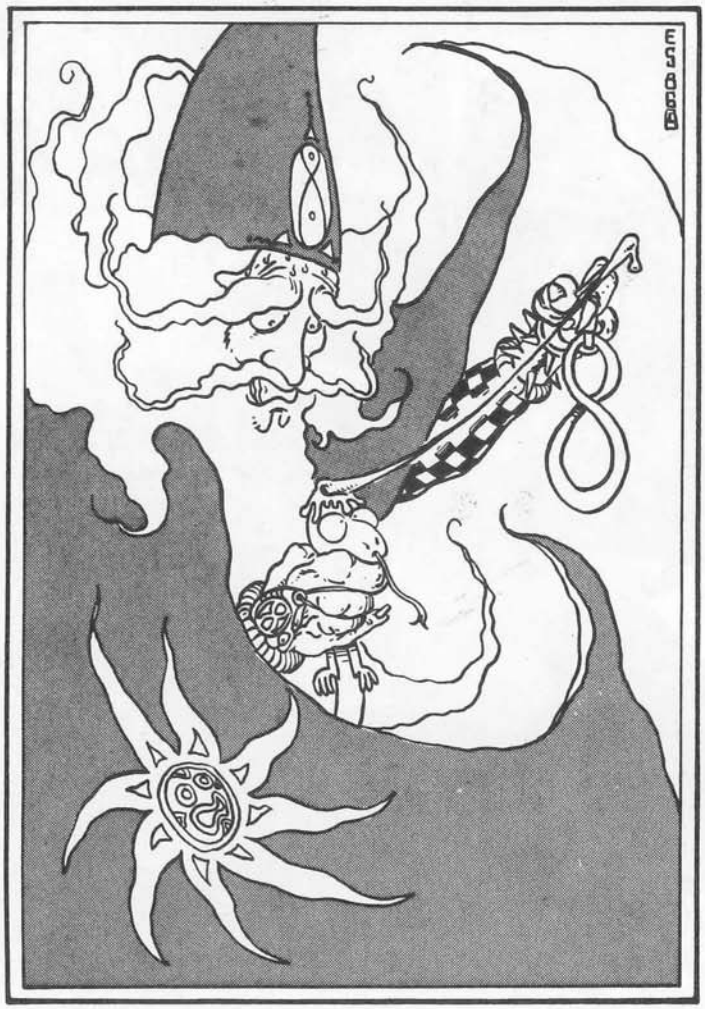
Towards the middle of the so-called civilised world (sort of) is the twin city of Ankh-Morpork, a city with a million smells and lots and lots of thieves, murderers, cutpurses, thugs and bullyboys. Ankh-Morpork is, however, the ultimate university town - for only there is found Unseen University, the alma mater of all wizards and mages...

But enough of the travelogue. The Discworld is big enough to allow any sort of terrain from tropical islands to artic tundra.

Characters

Not all the D&D character classes fit into the Discworld background. Non-humans and demi-humans cannot be used in a Disc adventure and, to be honest, there isn't a great deal of call for ranger, paladin or cavalier types. Discworld inhabitants are a much more sordid bunch.

Alignment is also largely an irrelevancy on the Disc. Most of the people are, not to put too fine a point on it, Looking Out For Number One. While clerics and druids do exists, and worship the various gods of the Disc (such as the Seven-Handed Sek), they are hardly *good*. A dramatic human sacrifice is worth its weight in gold (or a reasonable approximation thereof, given that the currency has been 'tweaked' over the years) to any temple cleric. It brings in the worshippers, and puts a bit of fear - sorry, piety - into the hearts of the congregation. Clerics, however, cannot turn the undead, because there aren't any... or are there?



Outside the cities and other civilised bits of the Disc are the barbarians, who are mostly to be found in the Hub regions, where the weather is somewhat chilly. As a result, Hub barbarians are very tough people, and unaffected by low temperatures. Hub barbarians are not as hostile to magic as most AD&D barbarians, but they are still wary of its widespread use. Given the choice between good honest steel and a fancy magical weapon, a barbarian will always take the honest steel (stupid, but there you go...). Credibility in barbarian circles has to be maintained. Interestingly, barbarians who take up adventuring as a career soon learn that nothing beats a good magical blade (or at least the live ones do). Barbarian adventurers can therefore ignore the restrictions on magic in AD&D with respect to one sword. Magic armour is still subject to the normal rules.

Wizards

The most important characters in Disc adventures are the wizards. Magic users, however, have far from an easy life, as promotion within the profession is based solely on the 'dead man's shoes' principle. If there's no vacant space on the next rung of the ladder, tough. Of course, there is nothing to stop a wizard indulging in a little premature 'retiring' of his seniors in the Ranks of Wizardry...

In D&D terms, each rank of wizardry equates to three levels of experience. Thus, a first rank character could be 1st-3rd level, a 2nd rank wizard would be 4th-6th level and so on. Advancing a level within a rank is no problem, providing the wizard can find a master to teach him the new spells and can earn the experience points (and can avoid all the hazards listed below under **Magic**). However, making the leap to the next rank requires that killer instinct, the ability to do unto others before the ambitious little underlings do unto you. Every time a player character needs to advance a rank, it is simplest to assume that he or she will have to get rid of a wizard and step into his shoes. Of course, it is also simple to assume that there is an NPC waiting to step into the PC's shoes. There is a 10% (cumulative) chance per month that an attempt will be made on the PC's life. For the purposes of the merry business of promotional assassination (character or otherwise), all wizards are treated as the equivalent level of assassin when attempting to do in (or avoid being done in by) other wizards.

There are eight Orders of Wizardry within Unseen University, each led by a Wizard of the Eighth rank. Promotion to this inner circle of wizardry can only be achieved over the corpses - or ruined reputations if you run to character assassinations - of several rivals.

Magic

Magic on the Disc is strongly associated with the number you get if you add seven and one (a number that must never be said, usually known as 7a!), the only number with any real magical significance. Wizardry on the Disc uses octagrams in place of the more normal (in the rest of the multiverse) pentagrams and triangles. Nine minus one can also be a very dangerous number for wizards to mention. It is the number of Bel-Shamharoth (see later), and thus a number to be feared.

Magic is a very powerful force, and can become concentrated in certain locations: ancient libraries, wizard's workrooms, temples and dark places beneath the ground where the Dungeon Dimensions impinge on reality. Spells and magic items used in such places can (at the GM's option) have far greater effects than would otherwise be the case. Any two elements of the spell can be doubled: the range and area of effect, the range and duration etc. This only applies to spells cast from a magically charged area, not to spells cast into one. GMs can also have areas where the magic has been used up, or leached away, and the most powerful *fireball* produces only a pathetic 'Phfuttt'...

Wizards can usually spot areas of magic by the octarine light that surrounds them. Octarine is a kind of off-purpley, the extra colour of the spectrum, and visible only to mages and cats. The mapping of these areas of high and low magic concentrations (thaumography) could prove to be an interesting source of adventures, as the Unseen University - and any wizard worth his lizard entrails - would be interested in a map scroll with that kind of information on it. Such maps might easily show the locations of deposits of octiron as well.

Octiron is a naturally charged magical substance that is the ingredient required to produce any magical item on the Disc. It can be worked into steel to produce magical swords, or into any other substance. It does, however, leak magic in the same way as spell grimoires... By using a *dispel magic* on it for every pound of material, denatured, inert octiron can be produced. This completely negates all magical effects. A room lined with octiron would be completly mundane - magic simply would not function there.

The other magical substance worth mentioning is sapient pearwood. This what the Luggage is built from. Any object built from sapient pearwood will follow its owner around - and will not be stopped by anything that gets in the way. A sapient pearwood object will also defend itself with whatever force the GM feels is necessary under the circumstances. Such an object will never initiate an attack unless it is frustrated in its attempts to reach its master (or mistress). Of course, there is no guarantee that the sapient pearwood treasure chest (with all of a character's worldly possessions in it) is *always* going to follow the character...

Spells

Let's face it, the life of a spell is pretty miserable. Spells are kept locked in dusty books for years on end and only allowed out when they are being read by the light of candles made of wax rendered down from Things Best Not Contemplated. They are then immediately shut away in some tatty corner of a dirty old wizard's mind - somewhere behind the second hand recollections of good times that the old fool never had. Finally, the spell gets said, often accompanied by potentially suggestive gestures... and often through a gentle rain of frog's intestines, lizard's brains, or whatever material bits and pieces the idiot in charge thinks he needs chuck into the air in order to look like a 'proper wizard'. Pretty unsavoury for the spell, isn't it?

Most spells can't do a lot about the situation. Important spells, such as those in the Octavo, the book containing the four times two Great Spells, do have a great deal of influence in who gets to read and say them - and when. Any GM who lets players any near such a powerful artefact had better have a good excuse and a new campaign ready, because the Great Octavo Spells: (a) are locked in a fortified octiron room deep beneath Unseen University; and (b) are only supposed to be said at the end of the world (sort of) and other times of major crisis.

However, ordinary spells can have their little problems for magicians. Material components and the rituals for spells should be a great deal more elaborate on the Disc. Double the casting time for any spell, and the magician involved requires free arms, hands and must not be gagged. The wizard should have assistants to hold the thuribles, wave wands about and make the whole business mysteriously occult. Proper wizards - that ordinary folk respect as such - make sure that they use plenty of rare and obscure spell components when they are casting spells: octopus toenails, human blood, wind caught at midnight in a sieve - that sort of stuff. Most important of all, the bits must look 'magicky', and be in context - every proper wizard has to have a pointy hat (the stars and sequins are optional), a stuffed crocodile hanging from the ceiling, lots of glassware with mysterious substances bubbling away in retorts, big bottles of pickled unnatural animals (and their bits) and that kind of thing. Spells can be cast without any of these extra window dressings, but the process is nowhere near as dramatic and the paying customers feel shortchanged.

Spells also have a certain independence on the Disc. Whenever a wizard dies, all the spells that he has memorised try to get themselves said. There is a 5% chance per level of spell that it will manage to say itself before the (soon to be) ex-spellcaster draws his terminal breath. Spells saying themselves do not need any material components or gestures - they just happen, usually to the severe embarrassment of anybody standing close by. Consider the case of a thaumaturge with three or four *fireball* spells who falls accidentally from a balcony and break his neck... Pity the poor young lady who was waiting above for her handsome and magical lover; she has just been fried four times over - and her parents' elegantly appointed town house has burned to the ground in a 'mystery blaze'.

The other way spells attempt to avoid the deaths of their masters is infinitely more subtle - and far more fun for sadistic GMs. Once more, the magician dies, but this time the spell leaps from his mind into the passing brain of whoever is nearest. A simple barbarian, for example, could instantly know a couple of *wish* spells or, more accurately, they could instantly know *him*... All spells have an intelligence of their own (INT 11 + spell level). If this is higher than the intelligence of the person who has them in his mind, the spell will have to be coaxed into being said. There is a base 1% chance of persuading a spell that it should be said. Each round, add the brain-owner's intelligence to the percentage chance, as spells have very short attention spans and are only visitors to brains anyway. However, if the spell's victim couldn't have said it anyway - like the stupid barbarian - he is stuck with his magical lodger. Of course, when he dies, the spell might try to say itself then, or leap into somebody else's brain. I told you that this was fun for GMs...

Spell Books

If spells are a bit risky, books of spells are really dangerous. Mages write their spells down in their books, and all that magical activity charges the fabric of the book with power. As a result, books, tomes, grimoires and even wizard's shopping lists have to be chained down or caged to stop them flolloping about (movement rate 1").

The other problem with all that magical power is that it tends to leak into the surrounding environment. While this can be useful in 'charging up' a location, it can cause embarrassing mutational problems for those who live in close proximity to such books. Invisible cats, five-headed fish, slight evolutionary regression by librarians (to the point where they are happy swinging through the trees), and the like are all problems associated with magical books. A sure sign that you are approaching a thaumaturgically active book dump is the number of two-headed ogres, tree-nesting sharks and polite tax collectors who casually ambush you.

The leakage of magic also results in a tendency to form critical Black Masses, which can (25% + 1% for each level of each spell in the books) happen whenever more than two spells books are kept in close proximity - on the same shelf, for example. The formation of a Black Mass results in the books involved melting down into a pool of dweomeractive sludge, eating their way through the floor into the cellar (or deeper), and maybe letting Creatures from the Dungeon Dimensions into the world. This is not very pleasant, and to make matters worse, everybody within a ½ mile radius must save vs spells or be turned into a small amphibian for 1-2 months by the octarine-coloured fallout. Wizards, unfortunately, suffer a penalty of -1 per level to their saving throws - they are especially sensitive to the fallout thanks to their long association with magic. Fortunately (for everybody else), wizard-frogs make excellent eating, having a slightly knowledgeable flavour.

Spell books also have egos (cf swords), usually 1 ego point per level of spell in the book. Books will not usually try to take over a wizard, but the odd spell might get aid from the others in a book and leap, unbidden, into the mind of a reading wizard, in a similar fashion to the spells in a dying wizard's mind. When this happens - at the GM's discretion, of course - any old spell can leap into the magician's grey matter, not just one that he could, theoretically, use. High level spells are particularly fond of leaping into young wizard's minds, where they can make themselves really comfortable and have a quiet life, never having to worry about being said. A high-level spell that cannot be cast by its low-level 'victim', also 'elbows aside' any other spells that the wizard knows, and stops him learning any more until it can be said, written into a book, or the wizard dies.

Discworld Creatures

Most natural and magical creatures in the AD&D/D&D bestiaries can be used on the Disc. However, the larger creatures and the odder ones - rocs, griffons, chimerae and the like - are not to be found there. There is also a definite lack of humanoids and demi-humans (at least in the bits so far written about). The general grouping of orcs, goblins, dwarves and elves and their variant races just don't exist.

There is a whole sub-group of woodland folk who are close to the traditional idea of pixies, fairies and Wee Folk. They have a grubby existence, constantly on the run from foxes, owls and weasels. Treat them as sprites or pixies without the magical abilities.

With Death in charge of death, it is hardly surprising that undead creatures are a bit thin on the ground. However, don't let that stop you using a little initiative when GMing...

Death

The subject of the undead brings us neatly to one of Discworld's most important figures, Death. Death is a gaunt, skeletal figure, who appears as a dry, bleached skeleton in black robes a traditional scythe. Death is only visible to wizards and cats, although sooner or later everybody feels his presence (or that of one of his minions).

Death is in charge of making sure that everybody and everything dies at the proper time and place. Once Death has you on his itinerary, there is no avoiding him. No matter where you hide, how you protect yourself, or the spells you weave, Death taps you on the shoulder and that's it. Finito. Caput. Death is very philosphical about his job, and resigned to the fact that it leads to a certain amount of resentment from people. Death, however, takes a real pride in his job, and all magicians have the right to expect a personal call from when their times come.

Death, and his minions, Famine, Plague and the rest (Scrofula is the only one mentioned by name) are completely immune to all attacks, spells, and spell-like effects. Their game stats are completely irrelevant, and don't even bother with saving throws - they are always successful. Death is affected by one spell: he can be summoned by the *Rite of AshkEnte* (treat as a limited effect *wish* spell that takes several hours to cast when using the full trimmings).

Given that Death is in charge of the dead, spells such as *raise dead, animate dead* and *reincarnation* have no effect whatsoever on the Disc. Native spellcasters just don't know them, but characters brought from other worlds will find this out the hard way.

Bel-Shamharoth

Armour Class: *-1*
Hit Dice: *300hp*
Move: *6"*
Attacks: *up to 7 tentacles/mandibles (plus an extra one) per target (up to 24 tentacles in total)*
Damage: *Special (see below)*
No. Appearing: *1 (unique)*
Treasure Type: *nil*
Alignment: *Chaotic*
XP Value: *10,700 + 30/hp (at least)*

Bel-Shamharoth, the Sender of Eight, the Soul Render (call him what you will) is a creature that is the archetype for all such unnameable nasties from the Dungeon Dimensions. Wizards, who already dabble in the unnatural, are easy prey to him - and he is the main reason why no wizard ever, ever says the word 'Eight' (arrgh, I used it...) if he really can help it.

Bel-Shamharoth is a mass of writhing tentacles, looking something like an spider, or a squid... Anyway, it has a lot of tentacles, suckers, and mandibles and one, huge eye. Use of the word 'half of sixteen' by a mage has a base 75% chance of attracting his attention. Bel-Shamaroth will then rise from the deeps beneath the earth and from Somewhere Else, and attack the idiot who actually said two times four.

The creature attacks with his tentacles, with which he grabs his prey and attempts to drag it/them back to his dimension/lair. His attacks cause no direct damage, but characters caught up in his tentacles can do nothing to save themselves. Other characters who attack Bel-Shamharoth do so at -2 to hit, thanks to a realisation of the utter futility of doing so. However, all is not lost. For every point of damage caused to Bel-Shamharoth there is a 1% chance that he will release any victim and flee back to Somewhere Else.

Once Bel-Shamharoth has dragged a character back into his dimension (or wherever it is he goes), the life force of that character is totally drained, accompanied by loud, slurpy noises and satisfied sucker-smacking sounds. Even if *raise dead* spells worked on the Disc, they wouldn't after the Soul Render had finished.

Finally, Bel-Shamharoth is totally immune to the effects of most spells, except those that cause direct physical damage. All 'his' saves are made as though he were a 25th level MU.

Dragons

Discworld dragons are identical to their normal D&D cousins in many respects. They are big. They can fly. They are dragon-shaped. They can rend people limb from limb with terrible claws. However, they can't breathe fire and they are actually creatures of pure imagination.

Because they are creatures of imagination, anybody with a bit of wit (who happens to be in an area heavily impregnated with magic) can *think* one (and only one at once) into existence. In all respects apart from colour and breath abilities, this dragon will be identical to a red dragon. It will have (Thinker's Int - (Thinker's Wis/5)) hit dice, and the maximum number of hit points. Its temperament will be broadly the same as the person who thought it into existence and the thinker is in constant telepathic communication with his dragon.

A Disc dragon is a faithful and true companion, and will not allow its rider/thinker to come to harm.

Trolls

Armour Class: *-2*
Hit Dice: *1 - 1000*
Move: *6"*
Attacks: *see below or 2 fists*
Damage: *see below or 1d4 per hit dice per fist*
No. Appearing: *Variable (GM's discretion)*
Treasure Type: *see below*
Alignment: *Neutral*
XP Value: *Variable*

Disc trolls are a very, very old, silicon based life form that often appear to the untutored eye, to be no more than rocks and stones. However, the true power of trolls can be judged by the fact that many a Discworld mountain is no more than the rocky remains of a troll.

They are much given to sitting in shadowy chasms and thinking long and hard - and eventually this philosophical preoccupation leads them to become as the rocks on which they sit. They then get quarried, turned into footpaths and suffer similar indignities.

They vary in size from no more than pebbles (few inches tall) to mountains and this variation in size is reflected in the number of hit dice that trolls have. Trolls with 1 or 2 hit dice are too small to do any real damage, and so get no attacks whatsoever. Trolls are vulnerable to fire, which makes them slightly molten (AC drops to 3). As a result, they get angry when confronted with fire, and attack at +1. Trolls, by the way, always lose initiative.

They are vulnerable to some spells, such as *rock to mud* and *dig*, which cause 2-9 minus 1 damage per level of the spellcaster. When a troll is finally killed (and Disc trolls do not regenerate), it shatters into gravel, and there is a 1% chance per hit dice that the trolls innards will hold 1-4 gems worth 2d9 (minus 1) x100gp.

TOURIST CLASS

Plotlines for Discworld Adventures

These plots are simple outlines of possible adventures for Discworld based adventures, and they are meant to be altered and expanded by GMs into some sort of full-blown affair. If you are changing them, have fun, because some naughty players have probably read this bit as well...

Death's Men

Sooner or later, Death catches up with nearly everybody. It's a big job, and Death can't always handle it all, so his assistants - Plague, Famine, Scrofula and the rest get to handle some of the extra case load, but even they can't handle the occasional massive strain on the whole system...

Take a good outbreak of disease. Or have a good outbreak of disease, and make sure that the player characters catch it, in a fatal sort of way. Not so good for the player characters, and even Death finds disease a bit of a pain: so many people to be killed and their souls collected. The opportunity is there for 'temping', and dead player characters fill the job description remarkably well: hard working, healthy (sort of), willing to anything for another lease of life.

The deal is simple. Death will give them all their lives back again if they help him out with a bit of dead-collecting. All the PCs will get nice black robes to wear, expenses, transport (suitably spectral horses) and a guarantee of extra life if they do the job properly. The dead-collecting to be done? Very simple. The Supreme Master of the Arcane Order of Prestidigitators and Luminaries is getting on a bit. Normally Death would go after him, but things being what they are with the rampant disease... the player characters get to go. Death isn't bothered about how the player characters get to their target, just that it should happen at Small God's Eve. This gives them about one week to prepare if you're feeling generous - and one day if you're not. The player character's deaths aren't made any easier by the fact that they are still corporeal. No ectoplasmic sneakings about are going to be allowed on this mission!

And this is where the problems start. While Supreme Master Geremon Stoolwither is getting on a bit, he is far from actually being ready to die. In fact, he is quite attached to life and has no wish to depart. He has taken no active precautions specifically against Death, just the normal ones that any prudent wizard takes against ambitious underlings. Normal ones are all he should need to take, with heavy-footed not-quite-dead player characters stumbling about. Geremon's workroom and living quarters are littered with traps and alarm spells; he prepares all his own food; he sleeps very lightly; and to top it all, he exerts some sort of weird psychic field into the surrounding area.

This field seems to generate complete clumsiness in all those who wish ill to the old codger. Weapons aimed with the utmost precision seem to just miss. Spells mysteriously go 'Piffle...' The strongest poisons always get poured into the wrong cup of mulled wine. Geremon owes it all to a small amulet that he always wears, dedicated to The Lady (of Luck). Take that from him, and his powers of luck manipulation are gone. Finding that he such an amulet is obviously a key to success, but then there is the minor problem of actually doing him in. Take it from here...

The Room

Sounds quite sinister, doesn't it? In actual fact, the room is quite harmless in itself, just a chamber at the back of the Unseen University library, hidden behind the bound minutes of the Catering Committee. Used as a storage cupboard for back issues of *The Enchanters' Almanac*, *Wizard's Only* and *Spell!*, the tradepapers of Wizardry, the room has been ignored and forgotten. It is what is in the room that causes problems...

Many years ago one of the librarians (who was in the process of metamorphosing into a frog) happened to leave a spellbook in there. One spellbook wouldn't normally have made much difference, but the leakage of magic from the book into pages of magazines that were fondled by octarine-stained fingers has proven to be quite dangerous. The fabric of reality within the room become completely charged with dweomeractive power, as the individual magazines (not in themselves completely magical) have given up their bits of power under the influence of the book.

And then the stupid mouse wandered in, looking for something more tasty than minute-bindings to sustain it. A tentative nibble at Volume Nine-minus-one Issue 13 was the last thing it managed - as a mouse. In a haze of octarine-coloured sparks the mouse was metamorphosed into something altogether nastier, with a hint of a Thing from the Dungeon Dimensions about it. Now bloated with magical power - and a lot bigger than it had been before - the ex-mouse withdrew into the darkest corner of the room, and waited.

Wizards who work through into the small hours have started disappearing. Only their vaguely chewed notes remain. And then the disappearances start to occur beyond the confines of the Library. People vanish from the great kitchens, the cellars, the surrounding streets and the local hostelries. No indication of the fate of the victims is ever found, although occasionally - and obviously this is a completely irrelevant fact - dead cats keep turning up around the Unseen University as well.

The player characters can get involved in any number of ways: The Thieves Guild gets a bit worried that several of their members have not returned from simple assignments near the Unseen University; a PC magic user loses his current master one evening while they are in the book stacks; the player characters see something large and bulbous scuttle off into the drains; or all of the above.

The player characters have to then track the creature back to its lair. They must persuade the Heads of the Orders of Wizardry that the dangers lie within the walls of the University, and that they should be let into the Library to deal with it. The player characters could, of course, ignore protocol and deal with the matter directly - but then the Wizards will take a dim view of adventurers running around without their permission and defend the Library. In the process, of course, the creature will be defended as well...

And then what powers has the mouse developed? What has eating wizards and their spells done to and for the creature? Has it made contact with the Things from the Dungeon Dimensions? What shape is it now? And how can the player characters regard the threat from a *mouse* as serious...

MERCY MISSION

Introduction I: The Adventure

This is an adventure for use with 5-8 *Traveller* characters. This adventure is designed specifically for use with scientist characters (and those with scientific skills), so you will need a copy of *Citizens of the Imperium*, and you might find a copy of *Book 4: Mercenary* useful.

Each scientist character involved in the mission can be given a speciality subject reflecting the work that the character has already done in scientific circles. On mustering out, a scientist character can choose one speciality area eg archaelogy, astronomy, astrophysics, botany, chemistry, geology, mineralogy, psychology, xenopsychology (alien behaviour) or zoology. You may add any other skills to this list. These specialities are not the same as skill levels, although they can be used in a similar way: a xenopsychologist could get a bonus when trying to use *Liason* skill on a Vargr, or a astronomer could get a bonus when using *Navigation* skill.

Background 2: The Task

The location of the starting point of the adventure is left to your discretion, but it should be towards the Zhodani-Imperial frontier. Ideally, at least one of the player characters (PCs) should be well-connected within the scientific community. The PCs will be approached by Flynn Spectros, the Assistant Director of the Makin Institute, a research establishment specialising in disease and viral infections. He will explain that the Institute is currently hiring short-contract personnel for an investigative venture into unmapped territory, and that their names have been put forward (by an NPC acquaintance) as reliable and trustworthy. He will ask the PCs to attend an interview with the Institute's Director, Dr Casey Morello.

When the PCs present themselves at the Makin Institute, Morello exchanges a few pleasantries and demonstrates a knowledge of each character's background (he has read their files). He then moves on to the true reason for the meeting.

A survey team investigating the neutral territory between the Zhodani Consulate and the Imperium recently stumbled across a mystery on the planet Syleria. A child - from one of the nearby tribal villages - wandered into the team's base camp and collapsed. After running tests and doing a great deal of computer research, the team doctor determined that he was suffering from Decal Tectitis and a number of secondary infections.

Morello will explain that Decal Tectitis is a very rare disease that affects embryos, damaging the immune system so that children with the disease rarely survive to adulthood, and occasionally causing slight physical malformations (slit-eyes being the most prevalent). Only one previous outbreak of the disease has ever been recorded - and that was in the Sasco star system 170 years ago. Why DT should now reappear on a low tech world such as Syleria, which has no contact with Sasco, is a mystery.

Morello is particularly concerned that the outbreak should not follow the pattern on Sasco, where an entire generation of children was put at risk. Speed is vitally important in dealing with the problem hence the need for outsiders, rather than already-assigned Institute staff, to handle the task of finding the source of the infection and stopping it spreading around the planet. This apparently straightforward task is complicated by the fact that some of the governments (such as they are) of Syleria object strongly to Imperial interference in their affairs... Landing on the world will have to be done via air raft, so as not to strengthen Zhodani influence. Landing permission has not been obtained as yet, so the PCs will have to avoid contact with all but affected native groups until this is forthcoming. Imperial diplomacy may well be too slow to avoid a disaster - and the Sylerians may have their own reasons for making sure that DT spreads among the primitive tribesmen.

The PCs will be assigned to one of the Institute's Laboratory (type L) ships, the *Tycho Brahe*, complete with an NPC crew (who will take no part in the adventure). The Institute will also supply any equipment (within reason) that PCs feel is necessary. Full copies of all the Institute's library data files will be made available to the PCs as well. The PCs will be paid Cr5,000 per month, with a Cr10,000 bonus if they manage to halt the disease within one month. Furthermore, the Institute will pay for any valid additions to its computer files, giving a further potential bonus of Cr25,000 on completion of the mission.

Morello will, however, fail to mention that the original survey team disappeared without a trace before they could transmit any more details of their discovery...

Background 3: GM's Explanation

Silent Runner Project Library Data: *An Imperial research project initiated during the Third Frontier War, researching into long distance jump technology using controlled nuclear explosions. The project was abandoned when two experimental ships, the* ***Silent Runner*** *and the* ***Storm Runner*** *mis-jumped and were lost.* **End Data.**

The outbreak of DT is the direct result of an event some 200 years before, during the Third Frontier War. The *Silent Runner* project did produce a series of space vessels which were capable of Jump-6 or (theoretically) better. The power for such jumps was provided by small, controlled nuclear explosions using the weak nuclear substance curium peractate 205. The project showed great promise, despite the high cost of manufacturing curium 205, until the *Silent Runner* and *Storm Runner* misjumped on their maiden voyages. Research funds were immediately reallocated and both both the ships were logged as 'lost, presumed destroyed'...

The *Silent Runner* crashed on Sasco, in the middle of a desert, and was eventually discovered by a band of nomads, who salvaged many ship components. By doing this they were also exposed to curium 205, which causes the mutations that give rise to Decal Tectitis. The nomads, now carriers of DT, spread the disease to the rest of Sasco, and the epidemic was eventually stopped only by strict quarantine measures. No connection has ever been made between the loss of the *Silent Runner* and Decal Tectitis outbreak.

The crew of the *Storm Runner* survived their misjump and managed to reach Syleria, only to be killed when the manoeuvre drive failed during their landing approach. The tribesmen living near the crash site on Syleria hailed the arrival of the 'star' as a sign of favour from their gods, and took the power plant - which survived intact - as a gift from the gods to be a totem at the centre of their village. Unfortunately, over the years the plant's protective systems have degraded and its radioactive core material has leaked into the environment. It is this build-up of curium that has caused the outbreak of DT.

Over the years the power plant has been decorated and painted to such a degree that it is nearly unrecognisable. The memory of the crash, other than as 'the time when the gods came' has faded from the tribesmen's minds.

The PCs will have to considerable ingenuity to find the source of the outbreak, but to add a further complication, a Zhodani CORE team are preparing the way for a full-scale mining operation. They killed the Institute's survey party in the mistaken belief that they were testing for valuable minerals.

Background 4: Decal Tectitis

Decal Tectitis Library Data: *A rare disease affecting only the foetus in the womb. The only reported occurence was the Sasco Epidemic in which over 1,000 individuals were affected. The disease causes disfigurement and immune system failure. Causes unknown.* **End Data.**

DT is unusual in that it involves two separate afflictions. It is originally contracted through exposure to curium peractate 205. This mutates cells and damages the body's immune system. This, in turn, allows viral infections already present to mutate. Adults who contract DT become carriers of the secondary disease, and a slightly more vulnerable to infections than would otherwise be the case (DM of -2 when rolling to avoid or recover from infections), but when DT is passed on by contact with the mother (6+) to unborn children the effect is far more dramatic. The embryo is born with a maximum *Endur* of 6, and a DM of -3 where diseases and infections are involved.

Anyone can become a carrier by exposure to Curium 205, but the full version of the disease (which is also infectious to embryos) can only be contracted by embryos. This complex pattern of infection can result in a very rapid spread of the disease in a primitive culture with a high birth rate. Once a victim has the disease he can be cured on a 11+ (DM -1 per *Medic* skill level). A cured patient will no longer be infective, but will still suffer the effects of immune system damage. Re-exposure to curium 205 will turn a victim into a carrier once again.

Background 5: Syleria

Syleria (X765400 TL2) Library Data: *TAS Red Zone. A minor autonomous world outside Imperial border regions. The planet has no effective single government and no official offplanet trade except with governments of several nearby worlds which supply goods to order. Politically, the planet drifts continually between the Zhodani Consulate and the Imperium, but is currently non-aligned. The planet can be broadly split into two regions: the polar regions are relatively settled, while the tropical areas of the planet are inhabited by tribal groups who resist all attempts to integrate them into any form of government.* **End Data.**

Syleria is a galactic backwater whose alignment depends on well-greased palms and development aid. It has no trade to speak of, and offworld contact is limited to a small area around a 'starport' in the northern polar region, which is TL4 (in places). This area (and the southern polar region) are where the bulk of the planetary population is found, governed by a variety of petty statelets vying for power, while a single central council handles offworld dealings.

The tropical belt is inhabited by primitive tribesmen. The number of tribes and their distribution is simply an unknown. The 'best' current estimates are 80,000 tribesmen in total, but this figure is a serious underestimate by a factor of at least 100. The tribes have varying degrees of technology, from the very primitive and degenerating cultures (who can no longer produce fire) to relative sophistication at TL1-2.

The PCs will have no trouble in reaching Syleria, leaving the *Tycho Brahe* in orbit with the NPC crew, and descending to the surface in an air raft. The obvious place to land is at the site of the reported outbreak of DT.

Adventure Data 6: The Site of Outbreak

You should refer to **Module 7: The Map**, in conjunction with this section.

1. Crater - Formed by the crash of the the *Storm Runner*, over the years the edges of this crater have have crumbled until it is now no more than a circular dip in the ground. The crater will be obvious when the river floods as it will become a perfectly circular lake. It is regarded as a holy site by the Marishet tribe, and they will be reluctant to let the PCs go near it. See **Adventure Data 9: The Marishet Tribe** for more details of the tribesmen.

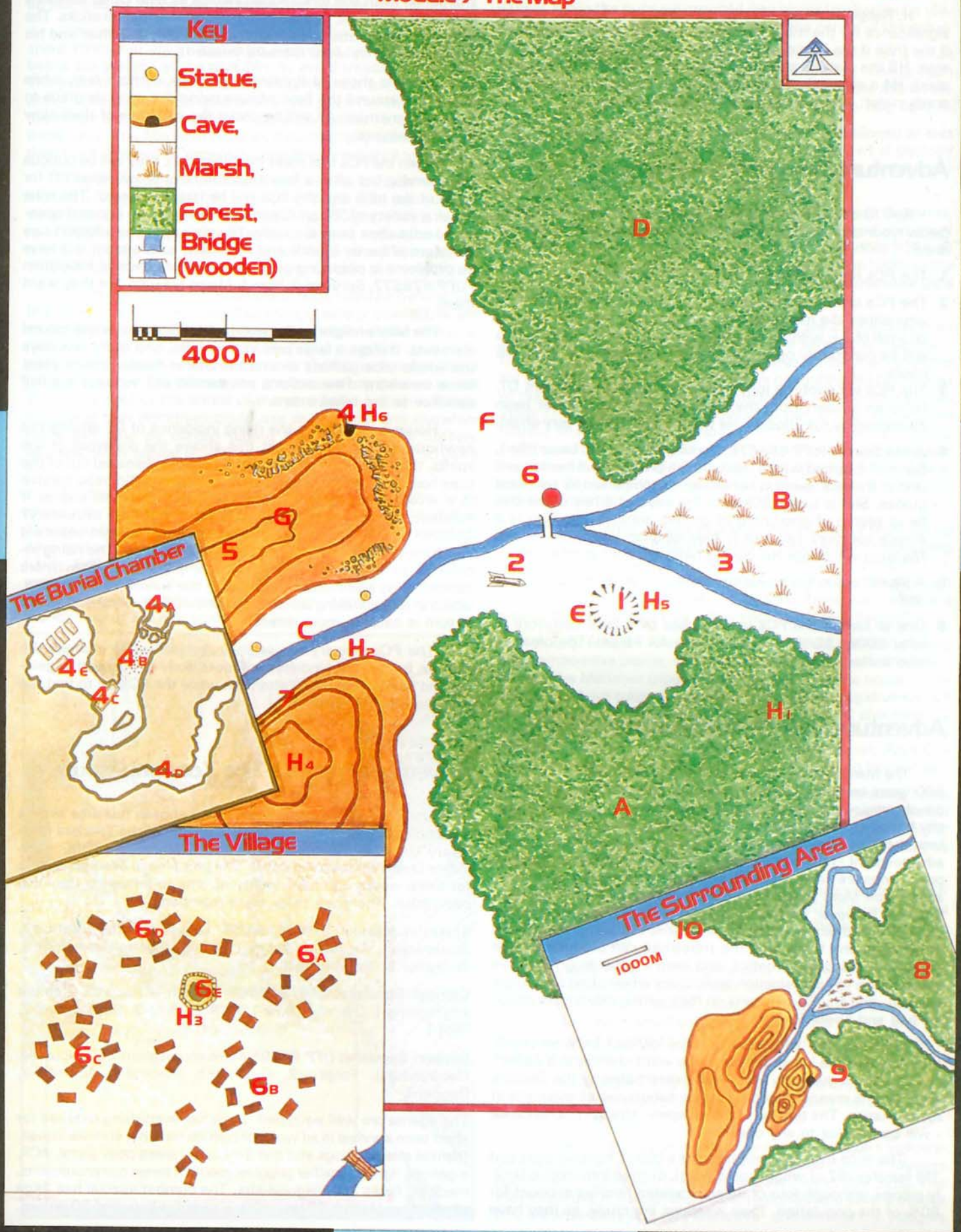
2. The Missile - By a miracle a single missile was thrown clear of the cash site and buried in subsequent floods to a depth of 10 feet. It will show up on any metal detector survey. Digging anywhere within a 2 metre radius of it may (8+) cause it to explode (2D damage to all within 10 metres). It can be defused on a 9+ (DMs: +1 per level of *Gunnery*, *Electronics* or *Jack-o-T* skill).

3. Corpse! - This body (the name tag reads 'Paul Andersen') is all that remains of one of the Institute's survey team. He has been dead for some two weeks, and the cause of death was two bullet wounds, clearly visible through the tattered remains of his coverall. An autopsy will reveal the two ACR bullets, fired by the Zhodani team members, still lodged in the chest cavity. The rest of the survey party are buried a short distance away.

4. The Burial Chamber - These short tunnels are reserved for Marishet chiefs and their worldly possessions. Any interference with the burial area is a crime to the tribesmen, punishable by death - which the tribesmen believe will come from the 'curse' of the dead chieftains. The air in the tunnel is heavily tainted with poisonous spores that will infect any unprotected PC. These will be fatal within 1 week unless the PC recovers (11+, DMs +3 if *Medical* skill used, +1 in *Endur* 9+, +1 if exposed for less than 5 minutes).

MERCY MISSION

Module 7 The Map



are now addicts. 1 kilo of fungus could be sold for about Cr500, and there is enough fungus to harvest 60 kilos around the hill.

H. Religious Areas - These are areas and object of special significance for the tribe, and they will be extremely displeased if the tribe if the PCs desecrate them: **H1** the tallest tree in the area; **H2** the statues along the river bank; **H3** the ship's power plant; **H4** a strangely shaped boulder on top of the hill; **H5** the crash crater; and **H6** the tribal burial chambers.

Adventure Data 8: Encounters

Roll 1D every day, on a 1 or 2 one of the encounters given below (your choice) occurs. You should use encounters 3 - 6 only once.

1 The PCs meet a hunting party of 2D tribesmen.

2 The PCs see flickering lights in the marsh at night. Anyone who enters the marsh at night will become lost and trapped on a roll of 3+ without adequate lighting. The flickering lights will be constantly out of reach, and will disappear after 1-6 hours.

3 The PCs encounter a lone native who is suffering from DT. He is an outcast from the tribe, although he has not been discovered by the Zhodani. He will be cautious, but very afraid.

4 Jenna Stannis (UPP 86A578, Hunting-2, Air raft-1, Laser rifle-1, Survival-1; armed with a laser rifle), a professional hunter, will land at the PCs' camp in her air raft, accompanied by two local guides. She is based 90km to the east, and has come this far in search of good herd of grazing animals. Her visit is a simple courtesy call, but it may develop into more as the Marishet will attack her guides (who are from another tribe).

5 A plastic container blows into the PC's camp (as above, area 10).

6 One or two of the PCs are attacked by a local carnivore (1 killer 200kg 22/11 none 17 as pike A4 F5 S1). The creature also suffers from DT.

Adventure Data 9: The Marishet Tribe

The Marishet tribe have lived in this area on Syleria for nearly 500 years as hunter-gatherers and primitive farmers. They are deeply religious and have a tight social system, a religious oligarchy based around the chief and his immediate family. This has kept the tribe stable over the years, but has stopped any other advancement - religious tradition crushes new ideas as they appear. Crops are sown by hand, and simply harvested when they appear ripe. Most food comes from the herds of grazing animals. They are, however, brilliant craftsmen, as their statues and other carved objects show. They are also adept at using the natural material around them, and the tribesmen can produce a large number of poisons, narcotics, and even a *slow* drug. They are also masters of assassination techniques when using poisonous animals - and any PC who gets on their wrong side should check his bed and boots for scorpions!

Recently the tribe has become divided between traditionalists and the lesser families who want change to a council system. The arguments have been exacerbated by the Zhodani who, by one means or another, have sabotaged all attempts at reconciliation. The tension in the villagers - though not its cause - will be obvious to any observer.

The tribe has 114 male members (89 of fighting age) and 119 females (92 of whom could fight), divided into twelve family groups, although four of these extended families account for 80% of the population. Their weapons are crude, as they have no metals other than gold available to them, often no more than flint tipped spears and arrows. Those tribesmen of high social standing have sharpened teeth and tooth-edged swords as well. Other weapons include clubs, slings, or even preserved animal feet on sticks. The tribesmen have little use for armour, and only the chief and his immediate family wear leathers (mesh-1).

In battle those of fighting age attack without fear, while others run around the field administering the coup de grace to wounded enemies. All will be under the influence of their *slow* drug-like fungus.

When the PCs first meet the tribesmen, they will be curious and friendly, but after a few days the novelty will wear off for most of the tribe and the PCs will be largely ignored. The tribe speak a variety of 'Pidgin Galanglic', thanks to an Imperial sponsored education program some 15 years ago. The villagers use a system of barter (goods and services), so the team will have no problems in obtaining guides and porters (typical tribesmen - UPP 878577, Survival-3, Bow-1, Melee weapon-1) if they want them.

The tribe's religion is the worship of nature spirits and natural elements. It plays a large part in their lives, and every few days the whole tribe gathers around the *Storm Runner* power plant for a ceremony. Few actions are carried out without a small sacrifice to the tribal totem.

However, thanks to the rising incidence of DT among the newborn, and the belief that this shows the disfavour of the spirits, the normal practise of casting anyone diseased out of the tribe has been altered: how does a two month old baby survive in a wilderness, and would not the spirits be even angrier if newborn children were made to suffer more than necessary? Children with DT are normally kept until they are eight years old and then banished - if they are not already dead. The rising incidence of diseased children has simply made them more superstitious and made them turn to the totem for protection, which in turn is leaking curium peractate 205 all over them, which in turn is causing more disease...

The PCs may try to use their technology to impress the natives, but acts of kindness are more likely to succeed in gaining and holding the tribes attention while the PCs try to find the cause of the DT outbreak.

Adventure Data 10: The Zondani Group

The Zhodani group on Syleria have chosen this area almost by accident for their work. They are agents of the Zhodani Consulary Office of Reconaissance and Exploration (CORE - see *White Dwarf 59* for full details). The group have been on Syleria for three weeks and have plenty of time to influence the local population. There are three team members:

Scientist/psionic UPP 879A68 Liason-1, Interrogation-1, Streetwise-1, Air raft-1, Tactics-1, Rifle-2, Electronics-1; PSR 8, Telepathy 5, Telekinesis 9.

Combat Specialist UPP 9AB467 Air raft-1, Recon-1, Combat engineering-1, Sword-1, Bow-1, ACR-2, Vacc-2, Demolitions-2, Pilot-1.

Support Specialist UPP 8659A7 Communication-1, Computer-1, Electronics-2, Forgery-2, G-carrier-1, Medical-1, Autorifle-2, Dagger-1.

The agents are well equipped. Each has everything required for short term survival in all types of climate (rations, survival knives, thermal sleeping bags etc) and they each have a body pistol, ACR, a garrote, light intensifier goggles, medium range communicators, medkits, flares and disguise kits. The combat special has 2Kgs of plastic explosive, 10 grenades, a sword, a bow and 20 arrows.

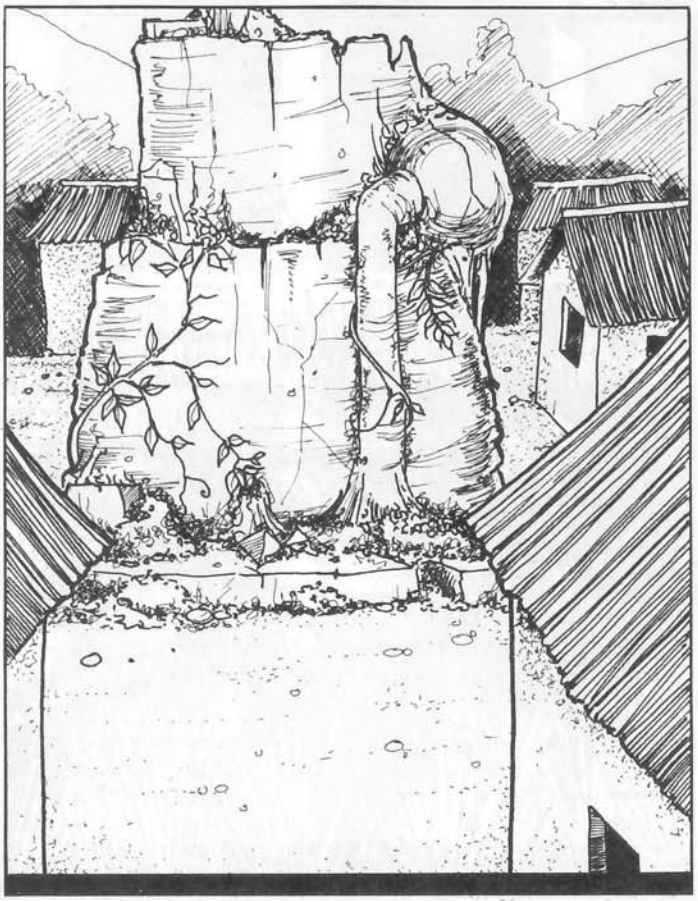
A large boulder (4a) blocks the tunnel entrance. A combined brute strength of 60 or more is needed to move this, although this can be reduced to 20 by use of levers and pulleys.

The muddy entrance passage (4b) floor is trapped with sharp flints that are coated with a contact poison and hidden below the surface of the mud (6+ to avoid treading on a flint). The poison will incapacitate any PC who fails to roll less than *Endur*. After *Endur* days (and one roll per day), the character will die. Medical attention allows 1 extra die roll for recovery every three days. The Marishet have an automatically successful antidote, but they will be extremely unwilling to supply it to the PCs.

The entrance to the burial chamber (4e) is hidden behind a crudely disguised slab (4c - needs strength 25+ to move it), which will be immediately obvious in good light. (4d) is a narrow, twisting passage which leads to a dead end. At the very end is a gut trip loop which releases a huge pile of rubble at **X**. This will block the passage, but it can be cleared in 5 man-hours.

The burial chamber (4e) proper is dominated by 6 stone coffins, four of which are covered by thick sheets of aluminium, the other two by stone slabs. Piled around are various tribal artefacts, made of wood covered in hand-hammered gold leaf. If sold off-planet they would be worth 2D x Cr10,000 to a collector or private museum. The PCs may be able to estimate the date (some 200 years ago) of the arrival of the aluminium (which is hardly a material that primitives could use or produce) and therefore the crash date by carbon dating the bodies in the coffins. Aluminium lids appear on coffins with bodies less than 200 years old.

5. Watchtower - Used by the natives to watch the herds of grazers, the tower is a crude platform structure. A large tree nearby is used as a calendar, with scratched marks to represent days and small animal drawings to represent the arrival of the herds. Several day marks (such as the longest day) have large stars carved above them, although one of these is much newer than the rest: the day when a bright light came from the sky - the landing of the Zhodani.



6. The Village - This is a collection of mud and wooden huts laid out on whatever (slightly) higher ground exists. Each hut houses one family, while the huts are grouped into larger family groups (6a-d), with the head of each family living at the centre of the group.

The *Storm Runner*'s power plant (6e) stands on a small mound. It is totally unrecognisable as it stands, having been decorated and embellished over the years. This is *the* sacred object of the tribe, so they are unlikely to let the PCs near it.

7. The Gold Vein - The mountain side has slipped at this point, revealing a rich gold seam. (7+ to spot, +1 if geology speciality). This is the source of the natives' gold, and the immediate reason for the Zhodani presence.

8. Zhodani Base - The Zhodani are hidden deep in the forest, and their base camp is extremely well camouflaged and every approach is covered by cameras and listening devices ((14+ to spot, +1 for *Recon* skill, +2 for IR sensors). About 100m to the east is a hidden air raft. For more information see **Adventure Data 10: The Zhodani Group.**

9. The Caverns - Housed in this cave are 25 outcasts from the Marishet tribe - sufferers from DT and secondary infections. Over the past few weeks the Zhodani have herded them together for an attack on the village, using their natural hatred for the rest of the tribe to the full. The cave entrance is not immediately obvious (7+ to spot, DMs as above) and two of the outcasts are usually on lookout duty. A Zhodani is often (7+) with the group, and the outcasts will treat any PC resembling a Zhodani with respect and a degree of friendship. If the PCs discover this location, the Zhodani will speed up their plans or move the outcasts further into the forest.

10. Old Camp - It was here that the Institute's team set up their camp. The Zhodani have taken great care in eradicating evidence of its presence, and all that is left is a scorched earth. However, the Zhodani missed a plastic rations container which is caught in the undergrowth. This seems trivial, but what is a plastic container doing on a low-tech world like Syleria?

A & D. Forest - The forest is a very dense mixture of trees and bamboo-like plants, with a large range of colourful flora and fauna. The Marishet tribes regard the forest as the home of the spirits, and have taken precautions (such as planting skull-topped stakes at various points) to keep them in. Any PC checking the forest will find that the oldest trees (200 years plus) are fire damaged, thanks to the crash of the *Storm Runner*. Area **D** is similar in most respects, except that there are no burnt trees.

B. Marsh - This area is a treacherous marsh, and also a home to the spirits. The natives know their way around the marsh, but any PC without a guide may (7+) become trapped. At night, marsh gas causes will-o-wisps, which could be mistaken as laterns or torches.

C. River Valley - Thanks to the gold-bearing vein in the cliff (7), panning for gold in the river will give Cr1Dx100 per day. The richly-carved statues are the tribes' way of thanking the nature spirits for the gold.

E. Crash Area - Although plants have regrown since the crash, the land around the crater is poor, due to the presence metallic and plastic toxins from the burning wreckage. Soil analysis will reveal small particles of metal and plastic, and any biologist will be able to tell that the plant life in the area is unhealthy.

F. Fertile Plain - The land here is divided into family plots for farming, and the area is also on the migration routes for herds of grazing animals.

G. Hill - This area of exposed rock is the site of a yellowy-green fungus, unique to this area. When heated gently, it releases spores which have similar effects to a very weak *slow* drug. The tribesmen use it during religious ceremonies and before battles but, unfortunately, it is very addictive - and most of the villagers

The support specialist has mechanical and electronic tool kits, and various bugging devices, which will be positioned close to the PCs' camp as soon as the Zhodani are aware of their presence. These - and the psionic's telepathic ability - will be used to monitor the PCs.

The Zhodani want the villagers out of the area so that they can begin their mining operations. They are willing to achieve this by sposnsoring a (very) minor civil war within the tribe, or by using the outcasts with DT (whom they have rounded up) to attack the village. If all else fails, the Zhodani will have little difficult in using the telekinetic ability of the psionic to convince the tribesmen that they are gods. They will then lead the tribe on a religious exodus (incidentally spreading DT to the surrounding tribes). By using such indirect methods, they hope that their presence on the world - and the subsequent mining operations - will go undetected. The Zhodani are aware of the disease among the tribesmen, but not that it is serious or that, by disrupting the tribe, they may well spread it across the rest of the planet. If they do discover this - and the PCs have not been outwardly aggressive it may be possible for the PCs and the Zhodani to arrive at some sort of agreement. You should play the Zhodani as pragmatists: dedicated to achieving their aims of moving the villagers so that mining can begin in secret, but willing to ally with anyone to do it.

If the PCs come to be regarded as a nuisance, the Zhodani will do what they can to make life as difficult as possible. They will sabotage experiments and turn the tribe against the PCs. If this fails they will resort to more drastic actions, assassinating the PCs (using native intermediaries), blowing up equipment, (especially the air raft - even the most technologically backward tribesman will be able to put a 'little box' underneath it), using bribery (gold taken from the river) on one vulnerable PC, kidnapping or whatever else you decide is appropriate.

If all goes to plan for the Zhodani, they will mount a night attack on the village with the outcasts two weeks after the PCs arrive. The outcasts (now 34 in number) will be armed in typical native style, although one or two will be carrying Zhodani-made daggers. If the PCs do not interfere there will be much damage to the village (fires and the like will have been set during the attack), but few casualties. The outcasts will return to their cave once the village is ablaze. The tribal elders (influenced by the Zhodani telepathist) will decide that the attack was a sign from the spirits that they should abandon the village and move elsewhere. Again, DT will be spread to the rest of the planet.

Adventure Data II: The Solution

The PCs first actions should be to carry out a complete scientific survey of the tribesmen and their environment. This will involve soil analyses, metal and radition monitoring, local flora and fauna classifications, medical checks on the tribesmen and the like. These tests may reveal that the land to the south of the river is poor and slightly toxic; that animals are affected by the disease as well as the tribesmen, but nowhere near the same degree; that older (200 years) trees in the region are fire-scarred; that small metallic particles are present in the soil; that a large metallic object (the missile) is buried some distance beneath the ground; that there is a large impact crater; and that, most importantly of all, there is a high level of radiation within 5 metres of the tribal totem.

The solution to the DT problem revolves around recognising its source, and persuading the tribe of the danger, while remaining isolated from the rest of the planetary population. The evidence of what happened 200 years ago - the crash of the *Storm Runner* - is in the environment all around the village, although tracing the actual source of infection to the power plant/totem may not be so easy. The second key to success is in (hopefully indirectly) manipulating the villagers into remaining as one group and in not moving into another tribe's area. This is directly contrary to what the Zhodani have been trying to achieve, but the PCs and the Zhodani could work out some form of agreement that satisfied everybody.

The power plant must also be removed or made safe in some way, as it is continuing to leak curium into the environment.

The Zhodani will help in moving in moving the tribe to a reservation where they can be treated, but they will expect the PCs to renounce all Imperial claims to the planet (a meaningless gesture, but very useful for propaganda purposes). If the tribe can be moved there will be no further problems with quarantine, as the Marishet are complete xenophobes where other tribes are concerned. However, there is a minor problem thanks to the tribal addiction to the *slow* fungus...

The power plant will have to permanently sealed, or taken offworld and destroyed, possibly with the *Tycho Brahe*'s weaponry. Simply burying it is only postponing the problem.

How difficult you make it for the PCs to convince the tribesmen that they must move or allow the PCs to remove the power plant and all the surrounding soil etc is for you to decide. Gung-ho play should not be allowed to succeed in this adventure, where a scientific and, above all, sympathetic, approach to the NPCs is the best method. If the PCs treat the Marishet with honour and kindness, try to explain what is going on and do not run rough-shod over their beliefs, allow them to succeed. Ultimately, the only way that gun-happy adventurers will stop the spread of DT is to commit mass-murder and then dispose of the power plant. While this does solve the problem of the disease, Director Morello of the Makin Institute will be horrified, and will make sure that the PCs face loss of all payments (ouch, for most *Traveller* characters), immediate and very public trial, and long terms of imprisonment or worse.

If the PCs have agreed to renounce Imperial claims to Syleria - and this is subsequently used for propaganda purposes - there may also be some very awkward questions to be answered.■

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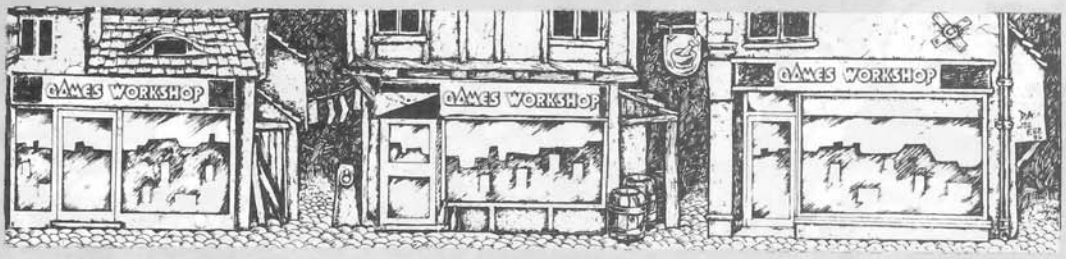

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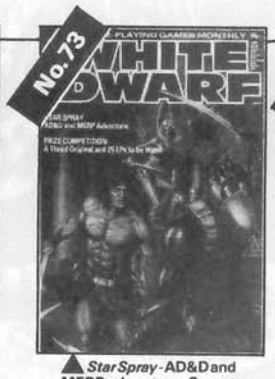

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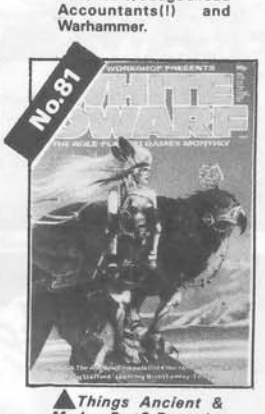

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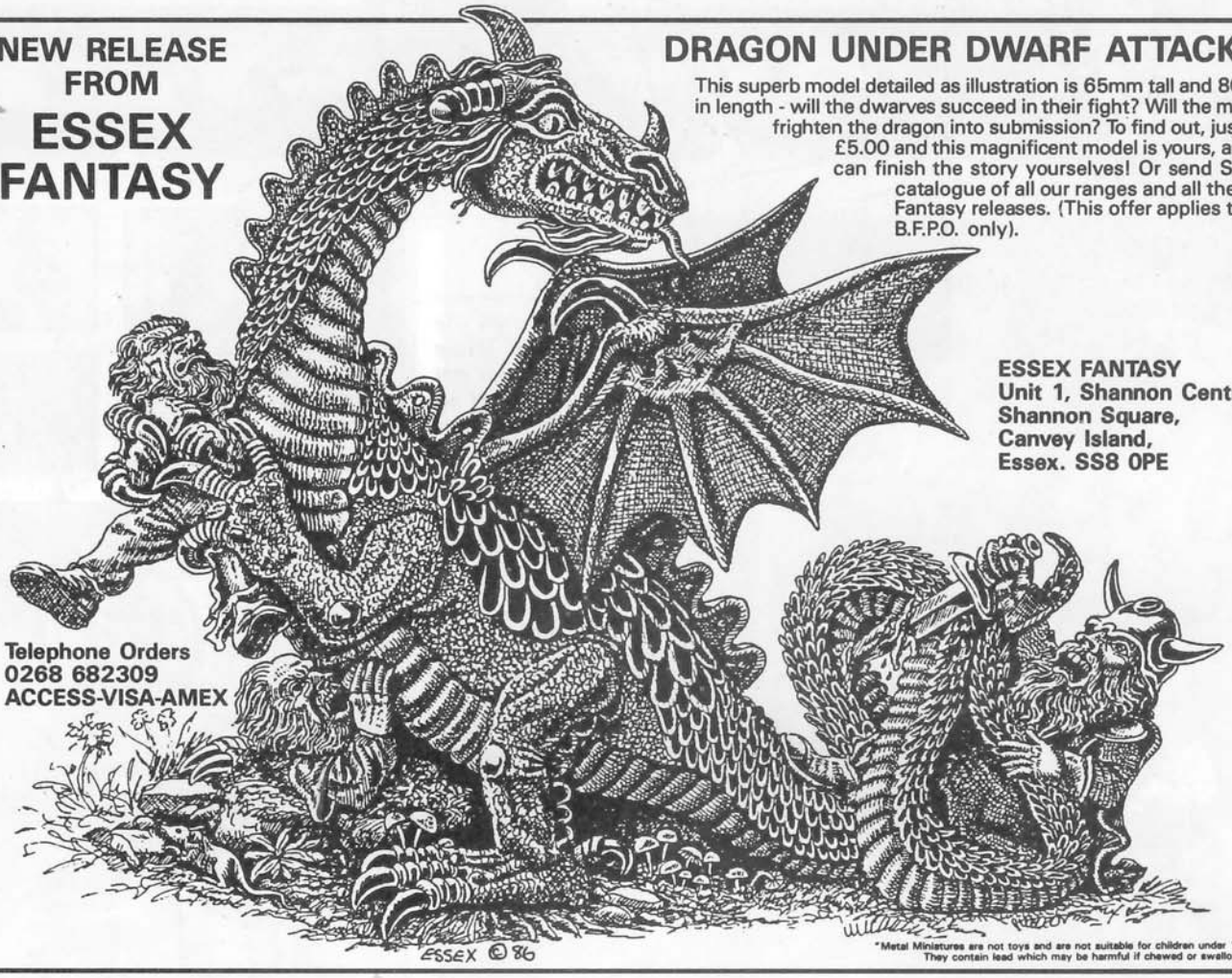

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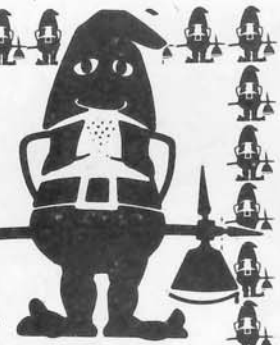

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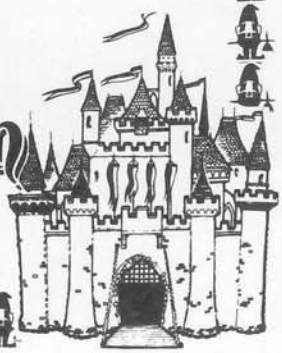

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HEAVY METAL

This month: John Blanche

John Blanche is one of the many names that appears in really teeny-tiny print on the contents page of every issue of White Dwarf. This is hardly fair, as John is not a teeny-tiny person. He is an artist of no mean skill and, as the next couple of pages go to prove, a spiffy wielder of the brush where 'toy soldiers' are concerned... But where did he come from? And ***Why****?*

I began painting soldiers when I was 8 years old: Timpo knights, in fact, and only in the one colour - Humbrol silver. For me, as for many people, wargames armies were the way ahead, and I rapidly graduated onto virtually every box of

Fig 2

Fig 3

Fig 4

Fig 5

Fig 6

Fig 7

Fig 8

Fig 1

Fig 9

Fig 10

Fig 11

Fig 12

Fig 13

Fig 1. Citadel Robot
Fig 2-8. Some of the Symbols & faces that appear on John's work.
Fig 9. Kaleb Daark, The Renegade Chase Warrior.
Fig 10. Urlik Skarsol from the Eternal Champions Boxed set.
Fig 11. The Famous Triple-headed Minotaur, winner of the 1985 Games Day Masters Painting Competition.
Fig 12 & 13. Skrugg & Throtl. C47 Chaos Ratmen.
Fig 14. Chaos Warrior.
Fig 15. The Angels in party gear.
Fig 16-19. Post Apocalpsye Warriors à la Blanche.
Fig 20. Asgard troll chieftain.
Fig 21. JD3 Perp.
Fig 22. Chaos Demon.
Fig 23. Ral Partha Angel.
Fig 24. Oriental Queen.
Fig 25. The Warlock.
Fig 26 & 27. Amazonia Gothique & a futuristic conversion.

Fig 14

Fig 15

Fig 20

Fig 16

Fig 17

Fig

Fig 19

Fig 21

Fig 22

Fig 23

Fig 24

Fig 25

Fig 26

Fig 27

plastic figures that Airfix brought out. In those days, it was relatively cheap to build up massive armies of figures, and I ended up with a 1000-piece American Civil War army, among others. However, the first serious wargames army that I put together was also based on Airfix figures - a mass conversion of Ancient Britons and US Cavalry into a Goth horde... And then art college intervened. ▶

After I left art college in 1970, it was a bit of a revelation to find that adults painted and collected miniatures as well - and that you could buy metal wargames figures. The selection in those days was a bit meagre (usually just Napoleonic troopers and Ancient warriors), but the choice got much larger over the decade. I also managed to get a job building dioramas for Nottinghamshire Education Authority. This had a terrible effect on the young Dave Andrews, who gave up conkers and took up Roman invasions - which isn't quite such a cheap hobby.

I also started my 'professional' association with figures at around this time, designing (in drawing form, not actually producing the master sculptures) the *Sword & Sorcery* range for Garrison. It was in the 70s that I developed a passion for figure conversion and for fully blended colour painting on wargames figures - something that, until then, had only really been done on very large scale connoisseur figures. With this new painting technique came designs like the sunburst face and the snarling moon face that are now used on so many current figures - and in straight artwork.

In 1976 freelance artwork became the bread winner, first for Roger Dean's Paper Tiger and Dragon's Dream publishing houses. This lead to producing colour plates for the *Tolkien Bestiary* and illustrating *Fighting Fantasy* books for Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone. It was also during the late 70s that I met Bryan Ansell, who at that time was running Asgard Miniatures. Bryan went on to form Citadel (with Ian and Steve, who had started GW in a shop no bigger than a telephone kiosk). I eventually joined Citadel as a full-time colour artist and worked on the early drawings of many of the earlier figures for Citadel, before moving on to become GW's Studio Manager and Art Editor for *White Dwarf* and *Warlock*.

But back to the toy soldiers. In 1985 the first Games Day Masters Competition was held, which I won with the minotaur conversion seen here. In fact, converting figures is still the best bit of figure painting as far as I am concerned. A favourite conversion job of mine is to take a fantasy figure of some type and change it into a post-apocalypse warrior of the *Mad Max* school of post-apocalypse warriors.

The model of the main figure on the *White Dwarf 79* cover is one of my typical conversions, while the *Warlock* figure from a magazine cover is a relatively straightforward paint job. Both the Warlock and the 'Amazonia Gothique' are now available as special limited edition models from Citadel.

However, the techniques of such conversion work and the painting of converted figures is something that has been done in the past in *'Eavy Metal* and the *Citadel Journals*, which means that I am not going to go into it all *again*...

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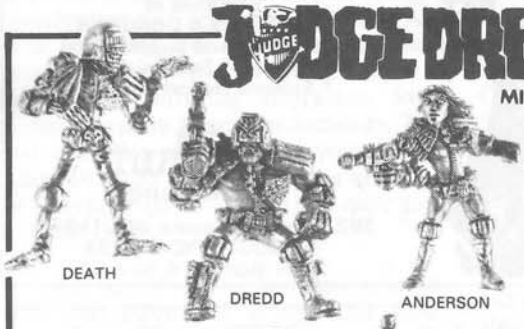

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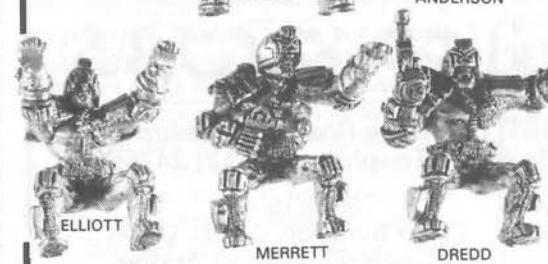

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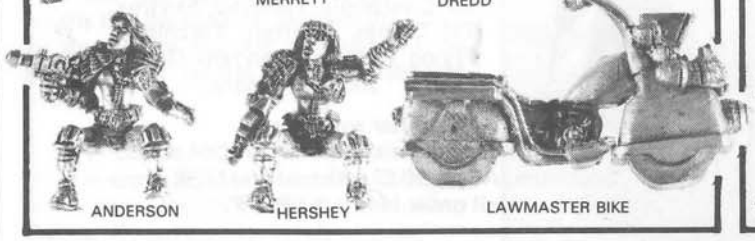

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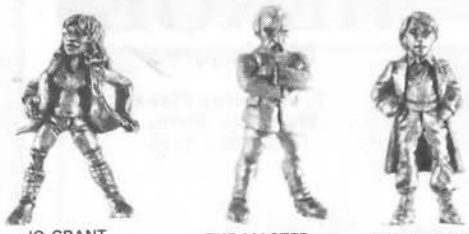

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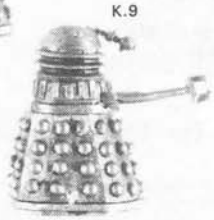

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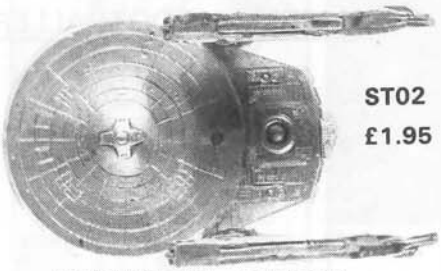

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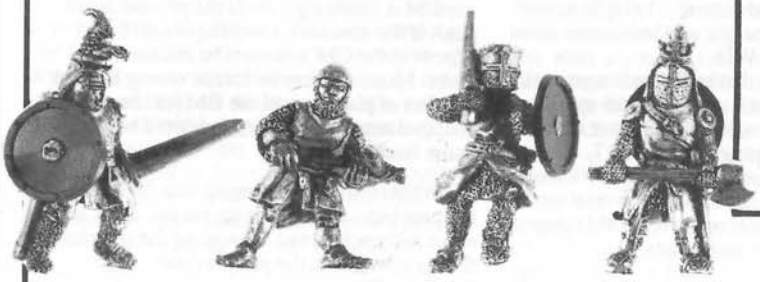

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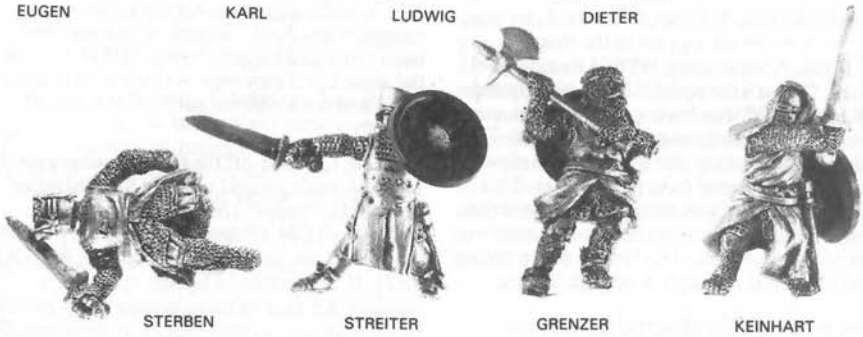

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Not a bumper mailbag this month, but then 6,000+ of you did get around to sending in Poll Returns, so we can't complain. Not surprisingly, quite a few of the letters were about the Poll so it looks like dominating the magazine for quite a while yet.

J Selmes, Feniton, Devon: Having just completed your Readers' Poll, I noted several points about the following questions:

2-7 - These seem to assume I have a large pile of old WDs to hand; I do not, and so I cannot answer all these queries.

12 - This assumes I buy WD, not read someone else's (which I often used to).

16 - Computer games do not all relate to roleplaying; also, I do not use my computer to play, but to store information on play.

21 & 23 - My answers are no, but I have done, and may play postal games in the future.

26 - This is practically invalid; I have not played my normal mix of games this year, and may change it (eg, by avoiding *Star Frontiers*) in the coming year. Also, "normal" in Q30 has been quite varied.

33 - Buy WD? I just flip through the interesting bits (usually *The Travellers*, *Open Box*, *Letters* and *Critical Mass*. in the newsagents or read a friend's copy. I bought WD80 for the Readers Poll.

John Way, somewhere or other: One question left out of the Readers Poll: What do you think of this survey? My answer: D for Duff. More thought seems to have gone into the humourous asides than the purpose or design of the survey form. The product comparisons (Qs 26-27) cover a good 30% of the page, and yet the answer space was miniscule. And why this choice of games? I may be an ignorant colonial of only 2 months residence, but why is it that I haven't heard of a third of these games, and haven't sufficient space under "z) Other: (specify)" to tell you that I play/want more of *Gamma World*, *Aftermath*, *Chivalry & Sorcery*, Boot Hill, *Land of the Rising Sun*, *Space Opera* and *Champions*? These are hardly obscure systems.

By listing the products instead of asking for an original response, you are in fact, guiding the survey, and debasing its accuracy.

Please accept these as constructive criticisms from a devoted Kiwi Dwarf-follower.

Fellow readers, now that we have devastated Laurielle Miller with our razor-sharp wit, let's get off the lady's back, huh?

Duncan Hedderley, Wantage, Oxon: I want to use this, letter to expand on my responses to the Readers' Poll.

7 - Best Article - This was a toughie. *Gamesmanship* (WD75) and *Caped Crusaders* (WD76) both came close but *Balancing Act* (WD65) was of more general interest. Please publish more features like this. Intelligent 'how to do...' articles are good ways to attract new players, and probably encourage them more than patronising rubbish like *The Name of the Game* (WD52-55) or *Castle of Lost Souls* (WD52-55).

20 & 25 - Adverts - The only ad I've ever found useful is the one that introduced me to my local shop. I think adverts among the articles disrupt the flow of the magazine. Occasionally it's not even possible to tell at a glance what's an advert and what's an article!

Full page illustrations are just a waste of space. Over a third of Cast of Thousands (WD77) is bad illustrations or title. If you haven't got anything useful to say, use the space for advertising and drop the price of the mag a little.

I don't like the idea of theme issues. I subscribe to WD, and all too often the themes don't interest me, so I feel conned. If you must bore me, do it gradually.

I'm sorry WD is now openly a house mag. I disagree with your view on who produces the best games (*Letters* WD79), and I'd like a magazine who's reviews I can trust.

Finally, a basic knowledge of statistical method would mean that you would know that the results of a questionaire aren't a good indicator of public opinion, so the results shouldn't be taken too seriously (like everything else to do with roleplaying).

Keith White, Fife, Scotland: Please find enclosed a White Dwarf Readers Poll, written in my own fair hand. If I'm the sort of person who wants to shape the future of the magazine through the Poll, and who has bought binders to lovingly protect my WD collections from the rigours of nature, should I want to cut whopping great chunks out of it?

Kevin Sinclair, from somewhere else: You forgot to ask if people who play AD&D use *Oriental Adventures*. I play in a completely Oriental campaign, and have never seen a suitable scenario in WD.

The other thing is that in Q11, when you ask whether people prefer 1 system, multi-system or no system scenarios, surely the latter is pointless. After all, supposing you play T&T, and an AD&D scenario appears, it makes no difference to you whether it has AD&D stats or no stats, but it will make a difference to an AD&D player. It's always best to have some stats.

Mark Anderson, Whitby, N Yorks: I, for one, will not be taking part in the Readers Poll. After reading WD80 I found myself thinking "What's the point?" It was bloody superb! Recently, WD has become the slickest, most useful and interesting magazine of its type. The articles are interesting, the presentation superb - you really don't need us to tell you that. This month, *'Eavy Metal* was particularly wonderful, and my only complaint was that you wasted two pages on the p*x* Poll - I had hours of fun trying to fold it correctly though. Congratulations.

Plenty for us to think about there, as I would have expected. The Poll wasn't perfect (particularly Q28, has WD got better or worse, answer yes or no...), but it pulled in 6,000 very useful response, which we are currently processing at about 300 a day... It was a bit of a compromise between something which could be collated easily and something which gave readers the chance to comment. The questions about the games people play and the ones they want to see more or less of in Dwarf are simple to run through the computer, so if they steer people that's a pity, but at least we can cope with the quantity we had in.

It's a pity we forgot to ask about the ratings on ***Open Box****. When I just used to be a WD reader, and not the Ed, I used to think they were even more biased than the body of the review. Most of the mail about OB used to be along the lines of "How can so-and-so be worth a 9? - you only said that because it was a GW game." Therefore, since we're going to have to admit that it is a smidge difficult to be rude about a GW game when we've spent half the month before working on it, it's probably better if we just tell you what the game is, and then let you decide for yourself whether it sounds like your sort of thing. Thoughts?*

Back to some of the individual problems with the Poll. Most people, I assume, collect WD if they buy it over a long period of time. Therefore, I think Mr Selmes' problem isn't widespread, although it is a problem. Actually I find it sad that some people were rating issues like WD17 as their favourites; this implies that they've spent the last 6 years waiting for something better. Nearly all the replies came in using the pre-paid envelope, so most of the replies must have been from the buyers, and most people were prepared to mutilate their Dwarfs.

And, finally, there is the point that there are all those people who didn't vote, who must at least be satisfied with WD (since the circulation is still growing), or so completely dissatisfied with the first issue they buy that they never buy another.

In other words, the Poll is going to be useful, but not binding. We'll have the results through as soon as we can. Thanks to all of you who went through the bother of sending one in.

Keith White, again: As Mark Boyes pointed out, there are far too many problems with printed adventures. For a start, GMs already running a good campaign would not be able to fit most locations and important NPCs in without a lot of disruption, so already the GM is changing a lot of the printed detail. And, if the scenario is written in a different system to the GM's, it must be hacked even more. Monsters may be for the wrong level or number of players, and the GM will have changed nearly all the printed detail before the game starts.

What all this is leading up to is the answer to the problem - systemless scenarios. They are short and uncluttered, providing the storyline for the adventure, the personalities of the NPCs, and suggestions for the kinds of monsters involved. Generic scenarios have been criticised for only being *AD&D* without the stats, but if they were written with an era in mind and not a system, surely this wouldn't apply?

If we rounded-off the most popular games into four main groups we'd get SF (*Traveller*, *Star Trek*); "pulps" (*Indiana Jones*, *CoC*); superhero (*GH*, *Champions*); and the pseudo-medieaval-ish-sort-of-fantasy (*D&D*, *RQ*, *DQ*, *T&T*). If WD printed a 1-page, systemless scenario for each of these groups every month, along with one normal-length, system-specific scenario, maybe we'd be getting somewhere.

Ven Bokalo, Sheffield: There are some good points in Mark Boyes' comments. After all, I have trouble fitting commercial material I buy into either of my existing campaigns. Although GMs will not have mapped out every detail of their campaigns, they may well have trouble including a new royal family complete with ancestors to the tenth generation. However, most problems with ecology, geography or even history can be solved; the biggest difficulties lie in the essential rationale behind a scenario. I may hold ideas on the ethics of druidism which render the motivation of a key figure in a scenario quite inexplicable. There isn't much you can do about that, but there are three things you can do to make it easier to integrate scenarios:

1) Use a small scale setting, so that is is far more likely that a space can be found for it. Parts of cities are particularly useful.

2) Avoid the aristocracy and the monarchy in particular. Use merchants, generals and the like for important NPCs. No-one ever designs all of those.

3) Keep the NPCs in small groups. It's very hard to explain why the Wizards' Union has just radically altered its entire modus operandi, just when the plot required.

Of course, I broke all these rules when I wrote *Castles In The Wind*, so I have to quickly include rule four.

4) Give the scenario an unusual or exotic setting, so that it can be placed far away from the familiar parts of the campaign.

Robert Gentler, Harrogate, N Yorks: Four gold pieces and a new laser pistol to Mark Boyes for his excellent letter in WD80. I think Dwarf should have less complete cut and dried scenarios for a specific rules system. Shorter articles can be used as a base for a scenario are better - such as the *Reliant* ships article in WD80. If the Dwarf consisted of articles like this, and confined scenarios to systems with their own comprehensive backgrounds (*CoC* or *Judge Dredd*), this would go some way to finding the answers both the Dwarf and Mark Boyes seek.

If all published scenarios were really ruining peoples games through their inability to be placed in campaigns, then there wouldn't be any published scenarios. This leads us to two conclusions. One, maybe most people aren't playing the kind of detailed campaigns the letter writers above are, so that one-off scenarios aren't a problem (I know of a few of these myself), or most people don't find it a problem changing stats/backgrounds/ plots where necessary to fit them in. It would be good to hear from a few regular scenario-players. Judging from the Poll returns I've seen (about 400), most people prefer single-stat scenarios. If this is more widely true, then Mark's excellent points are really less the starting point of a genuine "do we need scenarios" debate, than the start of "how can we use them."

Ian Jones, Winsford, Cheshire: For those who wish to make their newly-rolled characters as realistic as possible, a helpful tip. 10% of the human race are gay. It's 35% in dogs, but we won't go into that.

What about elves? Or werewolves?

Gerald Cassidy, Glasgow, Scotland: Having played *RQ* for quite a few years, and recently having moved onto *RQIII*, I find it quite disturbing to see a campaign mounted against RQ - and specifically RQIII - in WD. You seem to think RQ has become just another minority system.

With the followers of RQ II and III put together, I am sure that this group of fans deserve a little bit more than this every few months. I am sure that you could bring back *Runerites* with basic RQII statistics, and GMs ought to be able to convert these themselves. It's no big deal. It has already been admitted that WD is a promotional tool for GW. I'm sure that bringing back *Runerites* and *Starbase* and *Crawling Chaos* would encourage more people to buy.

Rick Crofts, East Grinstead, W Sussex: At last! Avalon Hill have seen the light and got GW to print *RQIII* in the UK. Not that you deserve it, you bigots...

A small misconception there, Rick. The glorious and enlightened management of this worthy concern involved themselves in lengthy negotiations, haggling, striving, and finally winning. And we did get the license off AH - and they got the license themselves from those wonderful people at Chaosium.

*Basically we are allowed to print and distribute **RQIII** in the UK (and Europe, I believe), which means that us bigots will have the game back under our wing. And guess what that means for the ol' Dwarf!*

*The new arrangement hasn't started yet, but by fortuitous co-incidence we were ready for it anyway. We have an excellent RQ(II) scenario which is scheduled for our Xmas issue, and this will be statted for RQIII and **Warhammer Roleplay**. What else have we got coming? Read on...*

Gerard Cassidy, some more: There was an excellent article in WD79 about Psionics. On the strength of this excellent piece of work I introduced it to my **RQIII** campaign - my players loved it. Just by losing the intials PH and DMG you could have made it applicable to almost any rpg.

Kenneth Lea, Rainford, Merseyside: *All In The Mind* (WD79) is what Psionics has been in need of. Before, they were far too powerful at low levels. This article held back a lot of their power, but took nothing away from the advantage of having psionics.

The problem I have found is with *Psionic Blast*. It is ridiculous that a first level character can kill a 15HD creature in less than a round. One of my friend's characters had psionics in a campaign where the party had just reached second level, but were technically still 1st (they needed some money to pay for training). They heard about a purple worm terrorising a local mine, and the reward on its head. "Ahh... A purple worm - they're not that intelligent, so it should have a low saving throw against Psionic Blast." So, the character went out to blast it, and killed it in two segments.

This was the first time my friends and I realised how powerful psionics were, and the person running the campaign killed the psionic off in an ambush. Also, because he now thinks psionics are too powerful, he has banned them from the campaign. The only method of remedying this, I think, is to make it cost an extra 40 or so psionic points per hit dice the creature is over the character's level.

*The author of **All In The Mind**, Steven Palmer, will be presenting a Psionic Combat article very soon.*

Harry Payne, DragonAid, Coventry: First, a heartfelt thankyou for the plug for *DragonAid* (Coventry). We made it! 70 hours of roleplaying from epic fantasy to pure farce ended at 7pm on Saturday 9th August.

It's hoped that we'll break £200. And we had a good time doing it.

Special thanks are due to Coventry YMCA and its General Secretary, Cyril, for agreeing to rent out a room for a week at half-price; TSR UK for their blessing and the use of diverse Trade Marks (ta, Sally); Games Workshop and Paul Cockburn for the plug in WD; Martin Lock of Harrier Comics; Fox for generously providing publicity artwork. See (plug!!) Coventry Cable TV, the Evening Telegraph and Mercia Sound for more details. Finally, many thanks to all who helped, played and donated. May all your saving throws be natural 20s.

It's good to report on a successful venture that can only improve the image of gaming in this country. And now:

Matt Black, Sheffield: Why didn't you print my letter? It wasn't as good as the others, but it certainly slagged off more people.

Idiot. We did print your last letter, it's this one we're not printing...

Hugh Duff, Johannesburg, S Africa: By means of a space-time warp, your organ has made its way to this country. Down here at the exhaust end of the Dark Continent, we are so far behind that they are still trying to sell copies of WD58. It's rather like an eighth level dungeon down here, one is constantly trying to work out illusion from reality, only to discover that the politicians have changed the rules.

The governing body of our local newsagents tried to promote AD&D. They made a fearful mess. None of the sales people understood the game, and so they could offer little advice or assistance. They tried the "dress up as your character" method, which annoyed the purists, confused and alienated the novices who thought it was some sort of "drag" club. Ever tried sitting for a session with a saucepan on your head?

Andy Deathe, Bristol, Avon: It has come to my attention that the west and south-west do not exist in the Games Workshop Atlas. We have some games shops, but none from GW. This means I'm supposed to travel all the way to bloody Nottingham to claim my free figure in exchange for a Readers Poll.

Aha. That explains a lot. Instead of sending WD to the south-west we've been sending them to South Africa. Oh well. All I can say, Andy, is that things are happening in retail land, although no-one tells me where. Your point is noted, however.

Gwyn Melkeson, Gerards Cross, Bucks: Many adventures take place in dungeons, which are notoriously cold and damp. Laurielle's characters (WD78) are free to wear as little clothing as they wish, but in a world where neither suntan cream or any device for warming people has been invented, her characters would suffer a great deal of discomfort from the weather. They would be too numbed by cold to hold a weapon.

No, no... I haven't anything to say about that, honest...

Letters edited by Paul Cockburn

FEUDALS

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4	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	7	7	7

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4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	7	7	7

They have an armour saving throw of 6 and an adjusted movement rate of 4 inches. The longbow and crossbow have the following statistics:

Weapon	Short Range	Long Range	Strength
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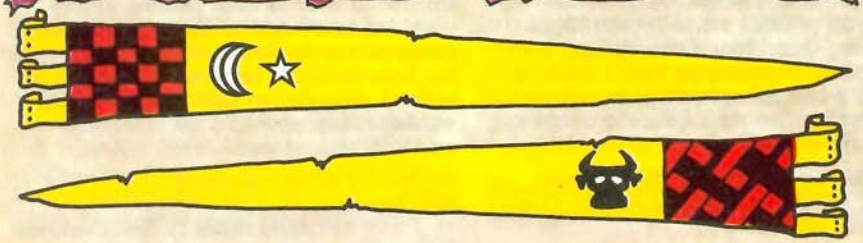

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FRACAS!

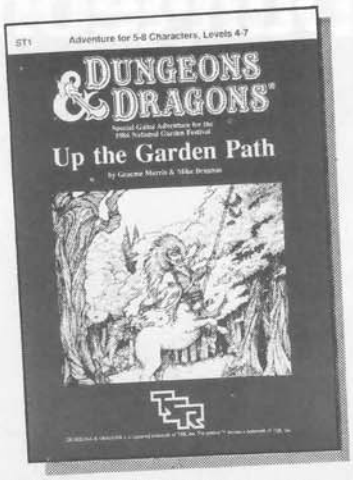
Gencon (one of the big US conventions) was, so GW's man-on-the-spot reported, '...not exactly a Gencon to set the world alight.' Or at least this was so where brand new goodies were concerned. *West End Games* continue to produce new material for *Paranoia* and *Ghostbusters*. *HIL Sector Blues* ('To Protect, To Serve, To Vaporize...') is for Paranoia - and anything that includes *Cardboard Commies*™ cutout figures and the 'Nothing Happens' random event table can't be all bad, can it? Theoretically characters ought to live longer because you need *proof* before you can shoot a traitor. But if it's a dead citizen it's a traitor in my opinion. And then there's *Hot Rods of the Gods* for Ghostbusters, which has some enormously powerful aliens, and is terribly, terribly serious. Honestly.

Meanwhile, the sensible people at *Chaosium* had *Carse*, a generic city supplement for RPGs, *Elf War* (an *Elfquest* supplement), the *Thieves World Companion* and *The Grey Knight*, an adventure for *Pendragon*. The major product on show had to be *Hawkmoon*, a boxed RPG and companion to *Stormbringer*, the Elric RPG. Hawkmoon covers Duke Dorian Hawkmoon von Koln (another aspect of Moorcock's Champion Eternal) and his struggles against the Dark Empire of Granbretan in a fantasy/post-apocalypse Europe.

Games magazines are springing up all over the place. The GW secret agent at Gencon came across the latest (on offer from TSR, Inc). *Dungeon* is the companion to the golden oldie of the games world, *Dragon* - and what else could it be with a name like that? Dungeon is entirely given over to short and very short D&D/AD&D adventures. These will no longer appear in Dragon, although it will continue to print adventures for 'minority' games systems. What effect the total lack of adventures for TSR's most popular game systems will have on the popularity of Dragon remains to be seen. No UK price is available at the time of writing, but at $3.75 likely to cost even more than Dragon!

Other new goodies from TSR include *MA1 Children of the Atom* (£7.50), the first of the accessory packs for Advanced Marvel Super Heroes. This is 96 pages of updated mutants, mutant hunters and equipment plus a very short adventure. Marvel fans will love it. *XI1 Saga of the Shadow Lord* is a 64 page (£7.50) adventure for D&D, without lots of blank pages to make it look longer. *DL13 Dragons of Truth* (£6.50) is the penultimate stage of the entire *Dragonlance* business. Nicely presented (as are all the DL bits and pieces), but terribly *epic*... Only one more to go now chaps!

And if you are going to Games Day, you'll have a chance to pick up a copy of *ST1 Up the Garden Path*, that I mentioned in passing last issue. This is a shortish (16 pages - but what a lot of words!) D&D/AD&D adventure that comes at a bargain price of £2.50. Its also one



for completists, as TSR UK have made it a very limited edition. ST1 is an (admittedly excellent) adventure so wildly improbable and strange that all I am going to say about it is that the characters arrive in a pocket-universe aboard a salamander-powered steam train run by a bunch of gnomes... You can find the rest out for yourselves, but this is a good antidote to all that usually serious stuff from TSR UK.

And finally on the subject of TSR, you too can write modules - or at least a little one. TSR UK are now looking for adventures for the *GamesFair '87 Team Competition Module Competition*. If you think that you can write a short (5-8,000 words) adventure for 5 characters send an SSAE to *Sally Meadows, TSR UK Limited, The Mill, Rathmore Road, CAMBRIDGE CB1 4AD* for the rules. Do this before you rush off to your chalk and slate, wordprocessor or crayon...

If bad taste has anything to do with what makes a great game, then *DELTA FORCE: America Strikes Back!*™ from Task Force Games must be a real winner. As a skirmish wargame system it's fine, with an emphasis on hardware that any longstanding wargamer will recognise. The problems arise with the subject matter of the game - is it right to produce a game that features the Provisional IRA? The one thing that can be said in the game's defence is that it is a true

fantasy. For all the American hoo-ha about Delta (the US anti-terrorist force), the unit has yet to actually *do* anything concrete against terrorists. If a trip into Rambo™-land appeals, rush right out and buy this one.

Completely Unrelated Item 1: The *Citadel Skeleton Horde* isn't the only set of plastic figures to be produced by the wacky little figure designers. The skellies are very good (and have to be the cheapest wargames figures available these days), but the design chappies have also been seen going 'Ooo-err' over other plastic sprues. More skelingtons? Ogres? Goblinses? Nope. This time it's plastic Daleks and Cybermen. The only grumble is that the Dalek engineering claw is cast at the wrong angle due to the difficulties in making sure that the mould release works properly.

Completely Unrelated Item 2: While we aren't on the subject, the winners of the *Lou's List Competition* were David Ducker from Kenilworth, Amelia Robinson from Greenford and Hadmar Wieser of Mondsee, Austria. Their assorted tables were so disgusting, pointless (a major consideration in winning) and silly that we aren't going to print them...

Completely Unrelated Item 3: Steve Jackson (the British one, not the *Car Wars* US version) will be signing copies of his *Fighting Fantasy* books at the new Penguin Bookshop, 27 White Lion Walk, Guildford. If you can't get there between 2-4pm on Saturday 18 October for Steve's signing session and games 'workshop' (now where have I heard that phrase before?), you can reserve signed books on (0483) 32971.

If you thought *Warlock* was the leading edge of the games hobby, think again. This title should actually be reserved for *Imazine*. In keeping with *White Dwarf*'s policy of completely ignoring fanzines, I am going to completely ignore this one, and not tell you that: it remains the sharpest of the current bunch; that annual subscriptions are £3 (for four issues); and that it is available from Paul Mason, 11 Waller Road, New Cross, London SE14 5LE. There, that was comprehensively ignored.

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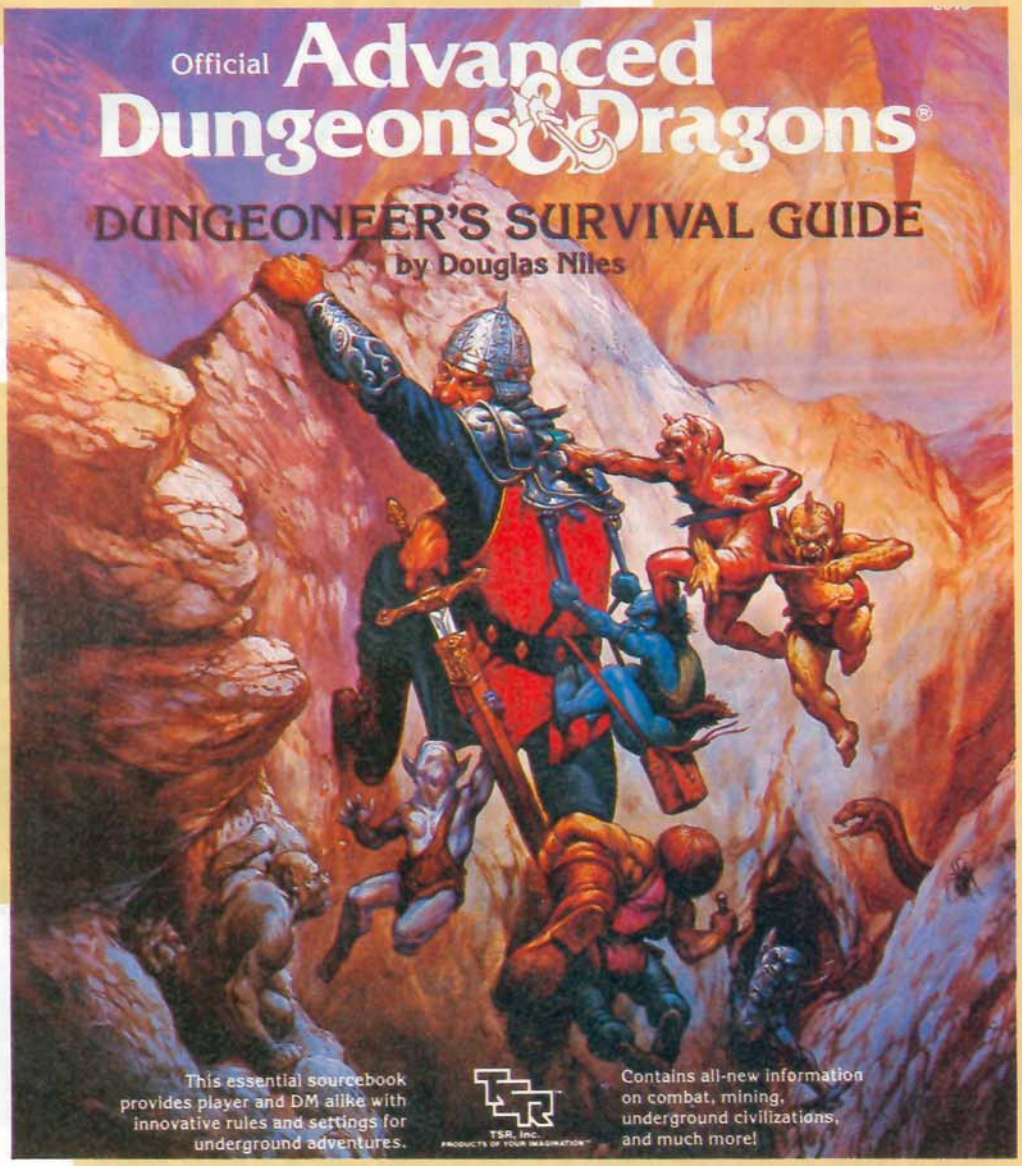

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There are generally three sorts of maps used in roleplaying games. There are maps to assist the GM in the task of coordinating adventures and keeping track of where the player characters have got to. There are maps designed for use by players - often simplified versions of those available to the GM, or copies with secret information deleted. Finally there are special maps, usually designed to add atmosphere to the game as facsimiles of maps found by characters.

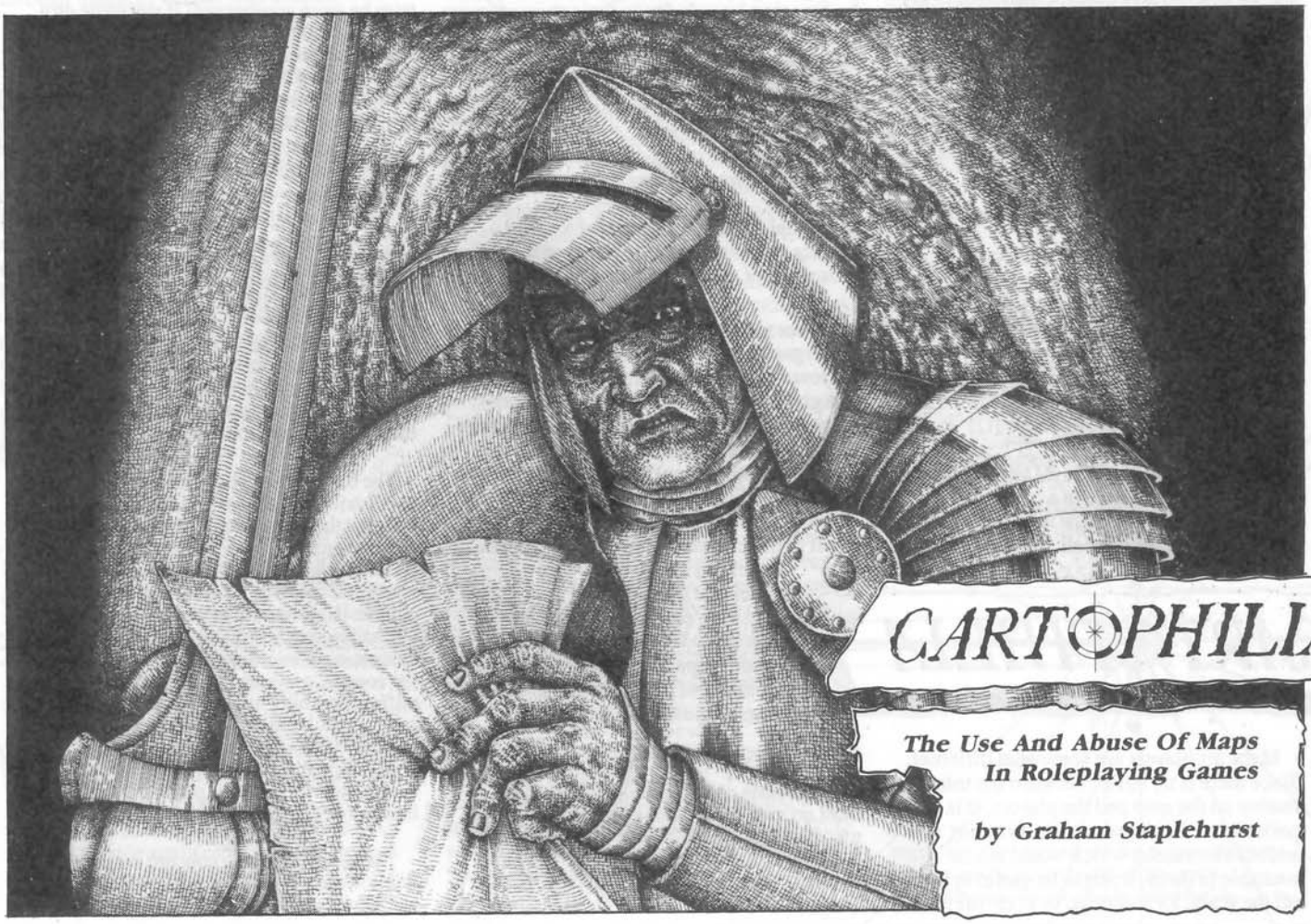
Maps differ greatly depending on the attitudes of and cartographical technology available to people *making* the map. The accuracy of maps, the sorts of information included on them, the way that information is represented; all these factors can widely vary from map to map. To think what a map is *(Chambers: a representation or scheme of the disposition or state of anything)*, one has to first consider the needs and requirements of the mapmaker. When you want to draw a map (and we'll come to that later), you should think carefully first about how you want to use that map afterwards. How much importance will you attach to getting points located exactly, to the overall size and scale, to accurately showing objects to scale? Maps can be vague and diagrammatic, intended only to assist, or they can be totally dependable documents necessary for some task.

Let's examine the three types of maps mentioned above. GM maps are generally of two sorts: large scale and small scale. Large scale maps are necessary for mapping out countries, provinces, or even worlds. Maps geared to a specific adventure will have relevant details included, such as the site of specific encounters, routes between them, obstacles to journeys and so on. Campaign maps will be less specific but may have to include a lot more information; often it is helpful to have a lot of duplicated maps showing different aspects, such as climate and vegetation, relief (mountains and plains) and geology, the distribution of population, networks of communication, natural resources and exploitation, sites of interest, political divisions. You may well find, if you are going about designing a campaign of your own, that using maps to plot out this sort of information saves you a lot of writing.

Maps can be very inspirational for the GM. By drawing or examining a detailed map including many aspects of terrain, history and society an imaginative GM will be able to come up with a terrific amount of on-the-spot background for player characters. Maps even inspire adventures in themselves; perhaps there is a mysterious tower on the map which would bear investigation ... On closer examination, you find that it is near the site of an old battle; and just a few miles away is a ruined village on the borders of a haunted wood. Perhaps the tower has owned by the Lord of the Manor, slain by ghosts - or is it occupied by the evil priest that raised them from the dead of that ancient conflict?

Maps like this enable the GM to relate different pieces of action together. A map which is reasonably accurate can be used to estimate distances and time for travelling when there is no need to roleplay a journey from one encounter point to another. If the players are going through new territory but are still in a hurry, a good map can provide the GM with a brief running commentary, enabling him to describe the scenery, wildlife etc. Perhaps they will pass over moorland carpeted with heather and bracken, sprinkled with fiery red broom and gorse bushes and dotted with occasional crofters' cottages and tall rocky outcroppings. Then they pass down into a boggy lowland of dank ponds and brackish water. If the characters stop to talk to a passing stranger, the GM will be able to work out his origin and destination, and perhaps mention other places of interest in the vicinity: "Aye, and just o'er them 'ills the Abbey of St Dunstan; full of unholy monks who like nothing better'n drinking and eating. 'n all off of the tithes we 'as to give 'em"

Maps don't usuallly have to be of pinpoint accuracy. In fantasy games, GMs can be vague in their descriptions of the relationships of places miles apart since player characters can't measure it more accurately.



CARTOPHILIA

The Use And Abuse Of Maps In Roleplaying Games

by Graham Staplehurst

In modern or science fiction games it probably helps the atmosphere if maps look accurate and you give answers to player questions in terms of "3.21 kilometers", but there still is no need to be totally accurate on maps which you use. If the players were asking about the distance to the bunker because their air-launched weapon has a nominal range of 3.2 km, simply knowing the range is 3 to 3½ km is good enough. If you do think that pinpoint accuracy would be better, the best option is to use an Ordnance Survey map (or equivalent, although few other countries have one); find one with a suitable industrial or military installation (and use a 1:25,000 scale if you can).

The other sort of GM map is the scale plan. These are used for buildings, dungeons and detailed locales necessary for plotting round-by-round activity and exploration. These sort of maps generally have to be pretty accurate for the GM. However, you should not fall into the trap of giving the players information directly from the map; remember that in most cases their characters will be seeing a 3-dimensional image and perceiving only imperfectly things like distance and angle. When a character enters a room 12′ by 16′ cluttered with furniture, light fittings, doors, windows and whatever else, describe it as "about 10 feet by 15 feet". It is quite permissible to say just "it's a large room" or " small room". Corridors are narrow or wide depending on the number of people that could walk down them together; walls are thick or thin and so on. Outside, it is even harder to estimate distances and characters are likely to be anything up to 30, 40 or even 50% out. Try it for yourself some time! It also helps to give information in terms that the characters would be familiar with.

Here's an example. In ***MERP***, bowshot ranges affect the chance of a good hit. So when a player whose character can use a short bow asks you how far away from the orc she is, tell her it's long range (121′ to 180′) rather than 140 feet, or 21 hexes. Similarly, a magic-user in ***AD&D*** might not know the exact distance to a target - but he would know whether he can hit it with his *fireball* spell.

CARTOPHILIA

Maps for players are somewhat different. Since there is no buffer between the information on the map and the players, it is important that the map does not show any added information which would not be available to them. It might be useful to leave off the scale, for example, or to reveal the

map only in portions. When you are dealing with detailed ground plans it is even more important to cover up the inside of a building before it is entered. Maps are useful to players though, helping them to visualise the campaign and giving the a large amount of information in an easily understood form. Maps also enable them to keep track of past adventures and help promote their own ideas for new ideas. The map is a useful tool in giving the players information which would be common knowledge to their characters. By making the map full of details which have only half-meaning to the players you can more easily illustrate locations at one time whilst not giving away additional information which would spoil the story. This also saves a lot of talking and explaining for you, and a lot of remembering for the players.

Special maps are also useful for the players, although more in terms of the atmosphere of the game. When a treasure map or secret manuscript is found, it adds much to the game if you can actually give the players a replica. Treasure maps and the like can give cryptic clues and puzzles for the players to solve, or can contain ambiguous directions and names. Maps might be in foreign (or even alien) languages, or be made according to different methods. They can contain surprising information of interest to the characters: plans they have been searching for, or maps showing estates and ownership of land. Maps might even reveal the location of whole 'New Worlds'. Books of directions and maps like the rutters (sailing instructions) of the Elizabethan era were immensely valuable possessions.

DRAWING MAPS

Many GMs enjoying drawing maps, and most articles about campaign design recommend that you start off by writing a few notes, thinking a lot, and drawing a map. You may also have to draw maps for specific adventures or for other reasons, such as the special maps mentioned above. When you need to draw plans, such as for a building, it is best if you adopt a draughtsman approach and make the drawing as neat and precise as you can. Use graph or squared paper, a good pencil and ruler and draw a draft first. You may want to obtain a sheet of clear plastic covered with a hexagonal grid which you use a overlay such maps. You can then 'blow up' different portions of it to full figure-size on a basemat for action such as combat.

Ordinary maps are best roughly drawn on plain paper by hand, especially if you are inventing the map rather than copying an existing one. You can always use plastic overlays to regiment movement scale or whatever at a later stage. Drawing directly on to a hex grid or squared paper can be confusing and limit your creativity. First maps will often be scrappy affairs, but you can always make new versions. Use a soft pencil so that bits you don't like can be easily erased and re-drawn.

Start off mapping a small area if you are starting a campaign, keeping a larger map in mind which can slot it into. You will have to think about what you want to use the map for, and then cram it full of information on those subjects. You must also think about how you want to represent them on the map. For example, do you want to show relief as height above sea level contours, as on OS maps, or would a rather more pictorial style with little hills and mountains be more appropriate? If you settle on a good base map, ink it in with a narrow fibre tip or Rotring pen. Basics that are generally useful include major relief features, rivers, towns, coastlines and so on. Then you can photocopy the base map and add to it.

There are many advantages to creating the background to a campaign in this manner. By constucting 'believable' and logical maps, a coherent history and society are likely to evolve along with it. There are many principles of geography which, in shaping the landscape and patterns of settlement, can be applied to shape a campaign map.

The basic structure of the land is decided by the distribution of hard and soft rocks, and the way that they are affected by different land-shaping processes. Mountain ranges are raised by folding and faulting, then worn away by rivers and glaciers. There might be whole areas of uplands, isolated chains, or lonely volcanoes. Sea levels rise and fall, exposing vast plains or reducing mountains to islands off the coast. Coastlines are eaten away to make cliffs where hills run into the sea, or silt up to produce fenlands and marshes. These are the bones of your landscape, things which have been happening for aeons and hence you should devise their form before you start to introduce human (or other) elements.

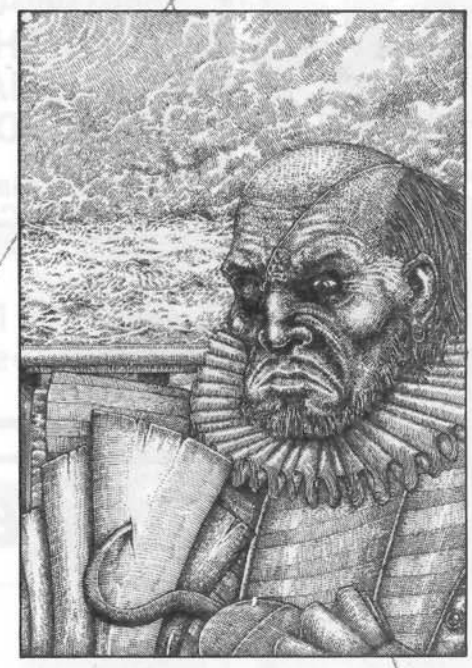
The next underlying concern is climate. Some areas will be wetter or drier than others, warmer or colder, windier or calmer, sunnier

or cloudier. There might be specific but occasional problems such as typhoons, cyclones, mists and fogs, droughts or tidal inundations. Use a large scale map to determine prevailing winds and rain belts. All these factors will help you establish a mental picture of parts of the landscape you are constructing; if you wish to be technical you could resort to a geographical reference book but a good imagination and a little common sense is usually enough!

How you can introduce your settlements. In a very low tech society people will need to live in a dispersed fashion close to the land, with individuals typically needing a good area of land to support themselves. Hence the population will be low and spread thinly. Higher densities would be possible in areas more agriculturally favoured, and there would be more potential for towns and cities supplied from surrounding aras. Knowing the shape of the landscape and the climate allows you to determine these areas. Remember that you should not be limited by the experience of geography on this world in a fantasy campaign: there might well be valleys like Shangri-La, jungled plateaux cut off from the outside world or fabulous towns deep in harsh deserts - but make sure you eventually get around to accounting for their presence through magic or divine intervention.

Agriculture, as mentioned above, is simply one way of exploiting resources available, something that all cultures do. Many will be interested in exploiting other resources, such as minerals, power and wild life. You can assign valuable assets to any region unfavourable for agriculture so that it has an excuse for supporting a population. Even early societies mined, hunted, fished and built water mills. Later societies are less dependent on locating the bulk of the population near a valuable resource, since their exploitation is much more efficiently handled by far fewer people. Don't forget the possibility of a range of technological levels in an area, or that relics of earlier ages may well survive.

Once societies develop, they start to communicate and trade, and the pen-ultimate stage of your map-drawing arises. The types, number and size of the routes adopted will greatly affect later settlements. Initially, without powered conveyances, the easiest routes will be sought and the time taken will be of secondary relevance: rivers, mountain passes, valleys and so on. Then come stage such as the diverting of rivers and building canals, improvements in roads and finally powered vehicles. In far future societies air travel might become so dominant that land routes are once again reduced to trackways and water. Draw in the most natural-seeming network of paths, roads and other routes. Invent new forms of transport for fantasy campaigns if you can: perhaps a species of boring beetle has made tunnelling a simple, quick and easy taks, so that many roads pass through hills and mountains rather than around or over them.



If you have a more developed society, settlements will grow up at crossing and joining points, such as crossroads, bridges, fords, ports, ferries, passes and so on. Later these might become administrative centres and eventually outrank industrial and agricultural towns. There are other reasons for the establishment of towns - religious reasons perhaps, or political decisions. In far future times where whole new planets are involved, mere accidents of fate such as the landing point of the discovering spaceship might become capitals and great cities. Some towns and cities will grow because of their defensive position in a land where there is much strife and the protection of a castle is a useful resource.

The last thing to do is to mark on your map historical curiosities, and special features relevant to the nature of the game and campaign you intend to run: Mythos sightings and happenings for ***Call of Cthulhu***; battles, miraculous and magical sites in ***D&D***; relics and alien sightings in ***Traveller*** or whatever. You may also want, in mapping the territory of an advanced society, to determine their effect on the original natural landscape you started with: whether this means dammed lakes, reclaimed polders, radioactive wastelands, ravaged forests, polluted rivers and seas, quarried cliffs and hills or the after-effects of intergalactic bypasses is up to you, but on this planet the human race has certainly left its mark.

When Not To Map

Maps are very useful for many reasons, but not always appropriate. Wargamers and rolegamers who appreciate the finer points of strategic planning might well desire a map for every occasion, and like-minded GMs would probably provide them. But along wth the 'scientific' branch of roleplaying games is another group, those who favour the narrative approach to rolegames. In these games, an accurate map or indeed any map might be a hindrance in limiting the free imagination of GMs and players to create a world of their own definition. There is no reason why logic or the abandoning of it to some extent should adversely affect the roleplaying experience.

There are other time that a map can be a hindrance rather than a help. Recently I've written a number of scenarios where maps were not required. If you find cartography a boring and thankless task, don't be afraid to reduce the amount you have to do to a minimum. Try raiding stocks of plans and maps. Local libraries contain the entire OS map collection which includes small scale tourist maps. Likewise town plans, books on architecture and other sources can be scavenged with a few 10ps for the photocopier. You can even resort to simply describing areas in general terms using words and pictures rather than ground plans and maps. This means that at crunch time you will be winging it a bit and having to wildly guess at distances. But once you've got the hang of it, playing mapless adventures is possible. After all, even with maps a lot of guessing goes on: who was *really* in the lead, and how far behind was that thief?!

On the whole maps have many more positive points than negative ones, and they can often contribute immensely to games. Bad maps can be a rather inimical influence however, and (surprisingly) some professional games companies are still guilty of very sloppy maps, or of using horrendous map styles. Maps such as the *ICE* campaign maps and adventure plans show attention to detail, presentation and logical thought and inspire creativeness whereas even some of the lates *TSR* modules have maps built on hexagonal or square plans with no flexibility for purposes other than to assist a wargamer.

CARTOPHILIA

I hope that in future the standard or cartography will improve so that rolegamers are encouraged to take up pencil and paper themselves and create more new worlds.

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NARKS!

Informers in *Judge Dredd - The Roleplaying Game*, grassed by Carl Sargent

Crime is everywhere - computers, droids, and monitoring vids are constantly alerting Judges to crimes they don't witness for themselves. Smart Judges know that information about crime is always at a premium and many of them are smart enough to have pet narks. The *really* smart ones, though, are the ones who have **informers** as well. The distinction is this: narks, classically, are perps who remain in criminal organisations and the underworld and volunteer regular information in return for having certain crimes not brought to book. Informers are citizens without a criminal record (or with a trivial one), who are not part of even a minor perp group, but who volunteer information for one of a variety of reasons to be explored. They may be one-off, sporadic or possibly regular sources of information about crime. There are three major advantages of using informers in the *Judge Dredd* game: their role in *forestalling* crime, feeding Judges impressionistic or partial clues which heighten the detective-story element of JD gaming, and enhanced role-playing. Many questions now arise. How do informers establish contact with Judges? Why do they do this? What information can they supply? Why is it worth a Judge's time dealing with them?

It's the duty of citizens to volunteer information on crime to the authorities, of course, but the classic "I don't want to get involved" attitude is sadly prevalent amongst citizens. So vid-advertised rewards for such information might be a regular activity for judicial authority; money is an obvious lure for informers. Informers attracted in this way, though, will probably be one-off information sources and they won't change game-playing in *JD* since the information will be filtered to Judges through central systems.

"Oppressed" informers are another matter. These are innocent citizens subjected to some indignity or minor criminal activity who want to get their own back but who don't want to go the whole hog to vigilante status. As an example, in my own Brit-Cit campaign there has recently been a craze for porg-throwing ('porg' is an acronym for 'Persons Of Restricted Growth', ie. dwarves; the juves aren't too fussy about this on weekends, however, and anyone under about 5'3" is fair game). Not surprisingly the porg population has become deeply resentful, but they have not organized because they don't want their porgishness to become a publicly recognised and derided feature. What has happened is that individual porgs and small porg groups (sorry about that) spy on the juves who initiated and perpetuate the craze, reporting any juve misdemeanours to the authorities. Law-

abiding porgs who would previously have kept out of any judicial involvement have been bestirred to become informers. Since this activity was restricted to the Ron Atkinson Block, the local Judges became more closely associated with the porgs and more information was given direct to local Judges on patrol that would be true for reward-lured informers. And Judges had to work at keeping these informers useful. After a while, porg-throwing was criminalised and the juves moved onto the new craze for brown-outs (I will not sully these pages with a description of this activity). Porgs mostly drifted back to their normal activities but one or two were coaxed into continuing their useful activities by Judges who had taken the time to befriend them and made efforts to suppress porg-throwing by hassling the juves responsible for it.

A related species in the 'grudge' informer, who wants to get this own back on an individual or group for personal reasons; eg, a minion worker in a service industry hates his boss for stealing his girlfriends and is only too happy to inform on him when he discovers (or even suspects) that the boss is skimming creds somewhere along the line. Such informers may prefer an approach to a Judge rather than to impersonal 'authorities', maybe hoping for a little attentive listening or even sympathy before the Judges gets to work.

The fourth type of informer is one the Judge finds, rather than one who comes to him: the 'trivial offender'. A Judge may make an arrest for some trivial crime and find that the citizen may have some useful ability, exceptional skill, or information which could make him a useful informer in return for sentencing being suspended. How might this happen?

The first possibility is that the citizen has, and offers, some useful information to the Judge. This isn't likely; the citizen may fear, if he has such information, that trying to bargain with it may attract a second sentence for withholding evidence (very serious too). The citizen may be too scared — we're considering trivial offenders here — and meekly take the rap for littering, jay-walking, or conspiring to urinate in a public place (an increasingly prevalent offence in Ron Atkinson Block, I'm afraid). Likewise, if the perp has some exceptional skill score or even special ability which could make him useful he's unlikely to have the nerve and presence of mind to suggest this to the Judge. How to get around these problems? I'll suggest some possibilities.

The first concerns good role-playing of Judges in the *JD* game; Judges *don't* have to be objects of fear for ordinary citizens and their idiosyncracies can be exploited in exchanges with citizens to set up potential informer encounters. As an example, aspiring Judge Dremmler has a reputation for being lenient on first-offence juves involved in trivial crime. His belief is that heavy sentences on such juves simply increase recidivism and breed nastier criminals. However, he is no soft touch; he is also known for bringing down the full weight of law on second-offence juves who have had lenient treatment from him first-time around. An apprehended local first-offence juve, knowing this reputation, may be more ready to talk to Judge Dremmler and offer information or willingness to act as an informer than would otherwise be the case.

Second, a Judge may be able to detect that the citizen is unusual in some way which could make him a useful informer. In some cases, simple observation of what a perp's done or where he is arrested ("How did a punk like you get in here?..." Thinks .....) might do the trick. A high TS might be given away in such a manner. More generally, mere observations of the perp and interrogation might give away an exceptional skill score or a special ability. I'll suggest an optional rule here for GM's who like numbers: a Judge might recognise an exceptional skill score (*usually* this means above 30 for an ordinary citizen) by using a percent roll against the average of the Judge's and citizen's scores for that ability (so that Judge Dremmler, with an SS of 64, has a 54% chance of detecting that the juve he's interrogating is exceptionally street-suss, since the juve has an SS of 44 and the average of 64 and 44 is 54). Or, a straight roll against PS or (some fraction of) SS on the Judge's part might be allowed to permit recognition of an exceptional quality in a citizen. But almost any kind of conversation or interrogation should add a modifier to this; the GM should decide for himself.

As an example, Judge Dremmler is about to arrest a juve for jaywalking. The juve, who has no record, turns to run but thinks better of it and walks towards the Judge. Dremmler, having seen the juve about to run initially, leaps from his bike. The juve, coming to him, decides to get in a bit of toadying to facilitate clemency: "Hey, Judge, ain't no point running from you, you're fast man. The way you leapt offa that bike ain't easy to do." "Yeah, what would you know about it? Punks don't ride Lawmasters. Unless..." "Drokk! No, Judge, not that, I..er..." It emerges in conversation, while Judge Dremmler is checking ID and confirming with the Brit-Cit equivalent of MAC that he does have a first-offence case on his hands, that the juve is a keen power-boarding fan (frowned on but not actually illegal — yet). His high DS and TS are given away in this exchange. The juve knows about autos and bikes, and people involved in them, and Judge Dremmler gets rather interested in all this...

So even simple arrests can give Judges the chance to encounter possibly useful informers. A really shrewd Judge could go one better and check the information on MAC or Barney (or equivalents) for citizens in the Blocks he routinely patrols, collating information on all those who have some special abilities of some kind or work in some capacity which could make them useful to him. A network of local informers could be built up from such a base.

Clearly, then, there are several sources of informers. Two questions now arise. First, are they useful? That's the Judge's decision. A citizen with exceptional SS (one with a PS over 40 will surely be tagged by central authorities - or ought to be), or a special ability such as *Use Data* is always likely to be useful. Anyone who works in a location where he can unobtrusively observe many other citizens may fall into the same category. A citizen with high DS alone might not be much use. Judges, decide for yourselves. It's likely that in any case Judges will continually re-evaluate the usefulness of their informers as a function of the accuracy of the information they get from them. The second question, in the case of 'trivial offender' perps, is: what crimes can be 'overlooked' in return for information and willingness to act as an informer? The GM will have to help players here, since official rules from central authority would exist to cover such matters (this problem is much worse with narks, of course, and the GM must devise his own rules — the *JD* rulebooks give no help on this one).

There is then the matter of whether a citizen is prepared to act as an informer in the case of the "trivial offender" — a base chance could be one-half of the Judge's SS score, but again modifiers might apply. After all, in a high unemployment society where people want jobs a criminal record is the kiss of death, so an employed perp might be 100% willing to act as an informer in return for getting a 'suspended sentence'. And what kind of deal can be struck? A Judge can't expect a lifetime of informer service in return for a single littering offence being overlooked, for example. Finally, there's the question of how much informers can be paid, which is again the GM's decision.

Very well. Just what, in game terms, is worthwhile about informers? Judges are up to their anti-flash visors in crime anyway, so why take the time and trouble to make sure you have an informer or two on every block? What do they add to the game?

First, the informer comes into his own, uniquely, in the area of *crime prevention*, by feeding Judges information varying from the precise to the vague. An example: one of Judge Reid's informers is a

robo-maintenance supervisor in a droid reconstruct unit. By virtue of his exceptional TS he has discovered that (at least some) droids are being refitted with inferior components. This is what he tells Judge Reid, and it's precise information. What's more, only this informer could have supplied the information at this stage — otherwise the problem would only have come to light months later in a massive wave of droid malfunctions. Here we see the informer able to tip off a Judge about a problem which otherwise would take months to become clear — the informer's role in crime prevention is clearly potentially powerful.

Now, in the example, Judge Reid still needs to do some work on this information. He *could* go to the Brit-Cit equivalents of MAC and Barney and check on everyone and everything involved in the reconstruct operation, but that would be very time-consuming and highly expensive. Acc-Div wouldn't like that at all. Some such check on over-use of computerised information — and reasoning — sources, forcing Judges to think more for themselves, is important in my view. So Judge Reid gets his informer to tell him everything he knows and thinks about the people involved. His informer gives him names, and tells him that certain people seem like regular citizens, one or two seem conspicously honest, some he doesn't know, and one or two are shady characters or a little rebellious (they badmouth the authorities, express admiration for renegade groups, don't watch much vid at home, and the like). Judge Reid narrows down the field on the basis of this information (which, of course, is largely impressionistic and may be incorrect in parts) and runs computer checks on the subset of more plausible candidates for criminal involvement. this may not come up with anything, of course, and if not he *will* have to check everyone out; but if he can show that he *tried* to save time and money by running an initial check on a subset of suspects Acc-Div won't get so grouchy about matters. Anyway, the upshot of all Reid's informer-initiated detective work and subsequent actions with his team was that the perps behind the scam were apprehended and Brit-Cit was saved millions of creds in avoided droid disasters. Judge Reid was recommended for promotion and Acc-Div didn't complain about his highly enthusiastic use of large quantities of stumm grenades for a long, long time. Reward good playing of Judges in a practical way like this which makes a difference!.

The second important element the informer introduces into the game is shown in that example too - the detective work side of the story. The *JD* game is **not** primarily a fast-action game, it's a game based on detective work interspersed with combat sequences. The informer can be an excellent way of introducting information which is sufficiently vague to ensure that it will need a smart Judge to turn it into something useful. For example, a citizen is killed in his hab close to that occupied by one of Judge Reid's informers. This citizen was suspected of indirect involvement in body-sharking but nothing even remotely concrete in the way of evidence could be pinned on him. While the forensic boys go over the hab, Reid talks to his informer. Two interesting things transpire. First, the ex-citizen had been receiving late-night calls on Thursdays regularly in the last few weeks. Two men (the informer didn't see them, but can describe their height, general appearance, etc) usually called. Second, the informer — who was quickly on the scene of the crime after the corpse was discovered — noticed a strange scent in the hab, an acidic, almost visceral scent.

Judge Reid needs to be smart here. If he gets his informer to enter the hab *now*, he will learn that the scent has gone (which is why the forensic boys won't trace it). Further, he will need to arrange for the forensic boys to work with his informer in tracing the scent (it is actually a derivative of adrenochrome, a drug with some highly interesting effects which is best prepared in a pure state from fresh human adrenal glands). This should suggest to him that the link with body-sharking was more than rumour. Now, what of the Thursday visitors? Reid runs computer checks on all organisations known to meet in the general area on Thursdays, and learns nothing of interest. Then he kicks himself as he remembers the botched case a few months back, where the vicious Brunton gang's protection racket slipped through his fingers. They always collected in this Block at this time. Are they back? But how come the ostensible body-sharker was linked with a protection racket?

Enough said, I hope. It should be clear that the observations of informers can be very valuable to Judges. But the third important niche for informers in the *JD* game is in enhancing roleplaying. Informers can give Judges/players a better feeling of being in touch with the pulse of the city, even (maybe especially) when dispensing impressionistic information. When two or three of a Judge's informers tell him that tension is rising in neighbouring blocks, the Judge may get a whiff of incipient Block War, and *that's* worth knowing about (time to put more synthi-trank in the rain and water supplies). And informers are neither other Judges nor perps; Judges may have to be less formal with their informers than they often are with other characters they deal with. With informers, the Judge may need to (pretend to) be an attentive, even sympathetic, listener to a citizen who may be anxious, scared, or simply miserable for mundane personal reasons (as virtually everyone in Mega-City One or Brit-Cit is, of course). Judges don't have to be like this, of course; players may be happier role-playing a Judge like Old Stoney Face, but others may care for a little more flexibility in determining their Judge's personality and character. Some Judges might even become slightly friendly with especially valued and trusted informers, or even on very rare occasions take a cup of synthi-synthi with them, whilst retaining the respect for the Law which is so essential. Very street-cool Judges, or the unconventional Psi-Judges, would have no worries about this kind of behaviour. And there's always the Wally Squad, of course...

Which brings me to the penultimate point. There *are* alternatives to using informers in the roles I've noted for them, but they're not satisfactory. Certainly, the Wally Squad can find out *some* of the things informers can (but not things related to the vocation of the informer in many cases), but using them feeds Judges with information rather than making them work for, and on, that information. And narks are no alternative at all. True, narks may be more regular purveyors of high-grade information than informers, but they have many disadvantages. First, they're much more difficult to recruit (one needs the special ability of *Judge's Nark* and even then the chances are slim). Second, they're a lot more expensive (Max Normal, at least, has been known to get paid in tens of thousands of credits at a time and there's no way informers are anywhere near that expensive). Third, you can have many more informers than you can narks — for obvious reasons. Fourth, informers can obtain information far less conspicuously than narks, not least because the people they're observing are less likely to be alerted to, or by, them, and they're not suspicious anyway — just regular citizens. Fifth, narks can be very dangerous. More than one Judge has walked to his death into a lethal trap or blitzer welcoming committee organised by a nark who has become hostile or embittered for some reason. Even worse is the hazard of the 'planted nark', who is helpful (initially) to the Judge precisely *because* his aim is to lure the Judge into a death-trap. Finally, informers can often give their information to Judges a lot more easily and freely than narks can, by simply talking on the street or using regular communication channels.

Informers really *do* add something to the *JD* game — purveyors of tantalizing hints and clues, characters in their own right, stimulating better detective-work and role-playing by players. There is only one final word of caution. Some Judges have found that their most trusted informers are sometimes 'snatched' from them by higher authority, leaving them nonplussed and a bit sp***ed. So be careful, Judge; one of those ordinary-looking citizen bystanders observing your actions as you apprehend the latest rotten punk just might be an informer of a very special sort. One of the SJS's people...

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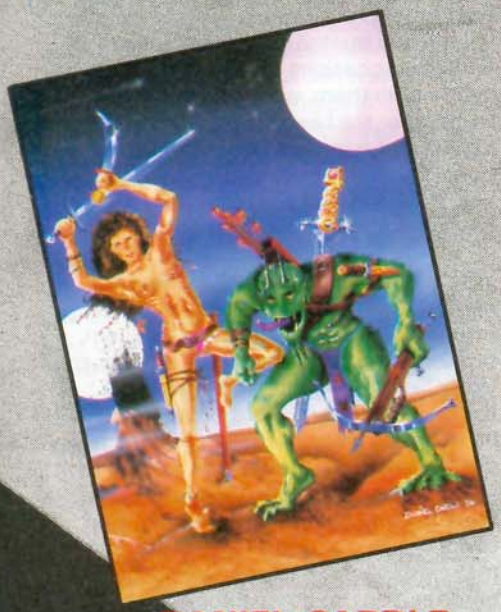

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Swap GH & T&T book for either RQ, Mechwarrior, Psi-World, Elfquest or CoC. Phone Andrew on (0248) 681045. Also consider MERP modules.

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Comments: DM needed, 13s or over
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Time: Sundays
Place: Players' homes
Comments: Age 16+, male & female, DMs wanted
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Time: Mondays, 7.30-10pm
Place: Manor Youth Club, Shepway, Maidstone
Comments: Age 14-21. Novices, females and experienced players welcome
Contact: Peter (0622) 670291 after 5.30pm

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Place: Talbot Inn (Functions Room), Port St, Evesham
Comments: Members 50p, non-members 75p
Contact: Wayne (0386) 48216

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Games: You name it, we play it
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Contact: Notice board in Students' Union

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Games: MERP, JD, Traveller, GB & others
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Place: St Gerrards Bowling Club (behind school)
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Contact: Jason (0772) 312466

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Time: 7pm first Thursday in the month
Place: The Horse & Jockey (Top Room), West Bar, Banbury
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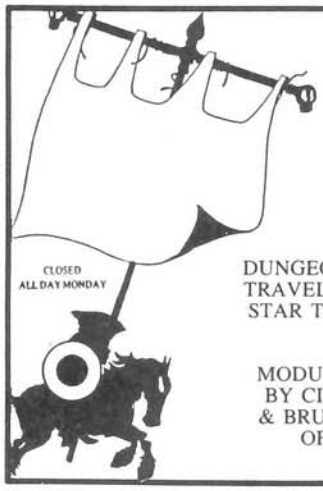

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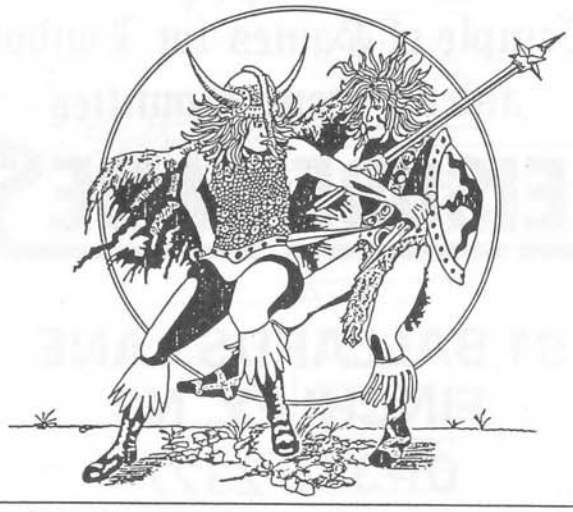

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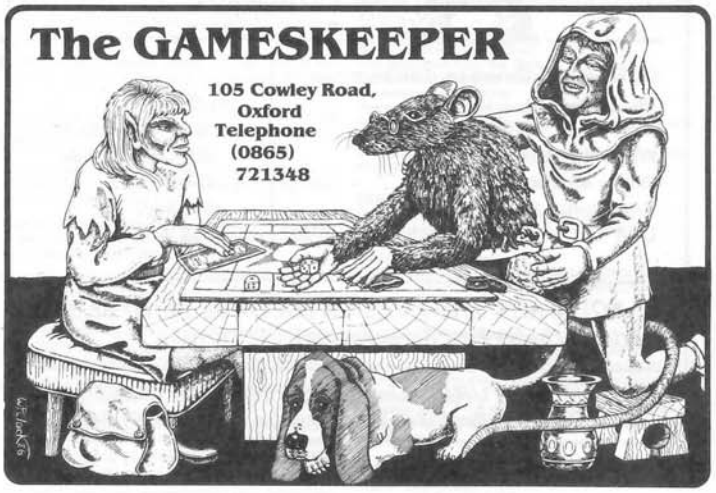

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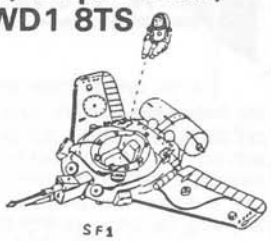

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So they march on, growing stronger with every mile. At every graveyard, every ancient battlefield, every roadside gibbet their numbers increase as the dead of ages passed answer this unnatural call to arms. And Death marches with them - no living thing survives their passage, and the country is black and blighted, lashed by dark, driving rain from a tomb-black sky.

Fighting Characteristics								Personal Characteristics			
M	WS	BS	S	I	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	5	5	5	5

Special Rules Immune to all psychology tests. Cannot be **routed**. Cause **fear** in living creatures. Subject to **instability**. The **Skeleton Horde** is composed mainly of normal skeletons with the profile and rules listed above, but includes a number of skeleton **champions** and **heroes**, who act as **controllers**. Their profiles can be found in the *Warhammer Battle Bestiary.*

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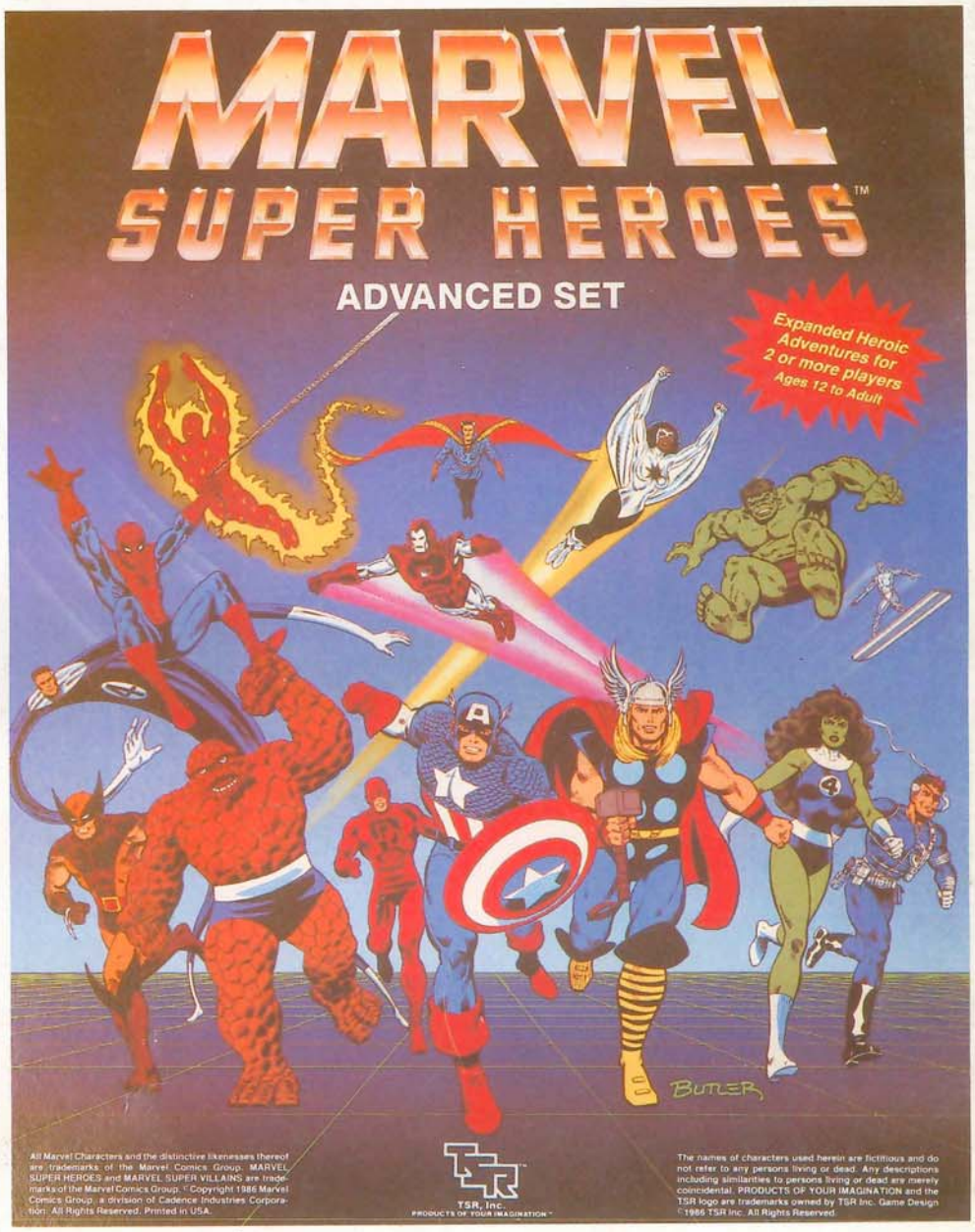

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Jurkson the lawyer leaned over the desk and fixed the wild eyed figure before him with a piercing stare.

"Hienrich Gotter you are charged with the foul murder of Johannes Batres, notable physcian and respected member of the town council. Unless you can prove your innocence you will be taken out and hanged."

Gotter's eyes narrowed until they were little more than slits, his lips twisted into a sneer as he spoke in a loud rasping voice.

"You *dare* accuse me of murder! When it is you who are the murderers and servants of Chaos. Long have I watched you. Always you hid behind your aura of respectability, but you did not fool me."

While he spoke Gotter's hands stabbed the air in front of him pointing at those he accused. All the time the light of fanaticism burnt fiercely in his eyes, making some of those present squirm uncomfortably in their seats.

"That is enough Gotter," Jurkson interrupted. "You are here to stand trial, not accuse your betters of witchcraft. I do not know what other folk allow in their towns, but here, you cannot murder people simply because you *suspect* them of some misdemeanour."

Gotter's body shook with strange convulsions and spittle formed around his lips.

"Misdemeanours! I accuse no one of misdemeanours! You are all damned by those foul gods you worship. You and the others like you. You all fall prey to Chaos' silver tongue and promises of earthly power."

Gotter's thin white hands shook with rage as he gripped the bar before him and his voice rose to a shriek. "Fools! You are all fools. *I have seen the true face of Chaos.* I have looked upon its twisted abominations and mindless spawn, and remained whole." His menacing glare swept the room, and all his hatred.

"You will bring the doom of Chaos down upon us. You masquerade as protectors of the town while harbouring the foul fiends in your homes. But I won't let you, I'll deal with you like I dealt with Batres and the others." Gotter leapt forwards, his hands reaching for Jurkson's throat. The lawyer stepped out of reach as the guards beat Gotter senseless.

Gotter thrashed around in the cell as ghastly visions flooded his mind. It was a dream he had often had before. A white globe hung against a backdrop of stars with strange balls of dark light flickering at its poles. Metallic birds flew out of the darkness and descended to the icy surface. Their bellies split open and sickening green and blue skinned amphibians spewed out onto the frigid wastes.

Utilising mighty magics the creatures created tall spiraling structures and shifted the globe closer to the sun. Greenery burst forth from the ice and rapidly spread across the world. Under the influence of the vile amphibians the world was changed and new races developed in the now warm atmosphere.

Elves began to appear in his dream. They moved north into the woodlands where they cultivated and nurtured the trees. But the elves' time there was cut short by the appearance of the metal birds above their villages. As the elves ran for cover the birds swept down and picked them from the earth with their shining beaks. Soaring into the sky they flew westwards to where green islands sat in a bright blue sea. Here the birds disgorged the elves and more of the strange amphibians. Gotter's mind reeled as he saw elves copying the ways of the amphibians, soon tall towers reached up into the sky as the elves mastered the frog-beings' magic.

The vision wavered and dwarfs cut their way through the rocks of the earth. Above ground, human savages hunted across the plains and in the once-elven woods.

Then the horror broke loose.

The dark polar lights erupted into fountains of mindless insanity. Horrible forms shot into the air and fell writhing to the earth. There, gibbering mounds of slime exploded into thousands of shrieking forms. Huge tentacled horrors squirmed and writhed around the pole as the dark lights sped down into the planet. Then, like an insane flood the squirming mass welled up out of the poles and swept south and north across the globe. Dark bridges burst outwards into space, reaching into other dimensions and bringing more horrors howling into the world. They flooded outwards, devouring each other and splitting into many diverse forms. Some maintained stable forms, but others metamorphosed into thousands of different shapes and deformities before Gotter's eyes. The sky turned black as dark dust filled the sky carrying the filth from the poles....

Gotter screamed, his mind cracking under the scenes that assailed his tortured brain. He lurched forwards, hoping to flee the terrors of his vision, only to stuggle uselessly against his chains.

Woken from his slumber, the gaoler fumbled for his lamp as he dragged his twisted body to where Gotter danced and howled.

"Shut your bloody screaming!" he yelled, hitting Gotter across the mouth. "save it for the gallows!"

Gotter convulsed under the blow and his head snapped round. Drool trickled down his chin mingling with the blood from his freshly cut lip. His lips moved but only a low moaning emerged. His eyes glazed over and Gotter collapsed into his chains. Satisfied that the prisoner would be quiet, the gaoler returned to his chair and dreams of endless ale.

Within his scrambled brain Gotter knew, as he had always known since first experiencing the dream, that he was witnessing the coming of Chaos to the world. The amphibians had tapped into other dimensions and unwittingly released the *things* that lurked there into the world. Now they swarmed down from the poles, threatening to engulf the world.

But Gotter also saw that which gave him hope. Through the dimensional rifts at the poles came creatures of light and beauty. Were they opponents of the fiends, or just one more form of Chaos? Whatever they were, they fought the demons, singleminded in their purpose.

Uncountable battles raged across the world as the Chaos forms fought amongst themselves and against other beings. As the forces of Law and Chaos battled, the Chaos stuff around the poles ebbed and flowed like some insane tide, Chaos dust fell from the skies accompanied by the warpstones - denser chunks of pure Chaos. Great changes were wrought in the young race of humanity and the dwarfs too were affected. Even the mighty amphibians were not safe from the cataclysm they had wrought - their civilisation collapsed and vast amounts of their lore and magic perished. Only the elves seemed to be able to resist the changes wrought by Chaos, they allied themsleves with many of the new entities, worshipping some and directing others by means of their magic.

Elvish ships appeared on the sea, trading with the dwarfs - until the seeds of Chaos bore fruit in a bitter war between them. The war was hard and both sides suffered badly. The elves withdrew to their isles and the depleted dwarfs claimed a victory, but the age of prosperity was over. The lands to the east of the dwarfs' mountain homes exploded into fuming volcanoes and hordes of goblinoids and demons poured out of the newly created darklands into the mountains. Many dwarfs were driven from their homes in the ensuing battles and fled to more distant mountain ranges. Gotter saw Chaos sweep down over the northern dwarfs, perverting their souls and turning them to worship of Chaos Gods.

But Gotter knew that of all the races, humanity was the most affected by the force of Chaos. His vision showed the savage mutations wrought by the Chaos dust and warpstones as they rained down on the helpless humans. Beastmen appeared - disgusting amalgams of man and beast. Other humans revelling in the strength that Chaos brought them, worshipped the more powerful Chaos creatures as gods. Bands of Chaos warriors slaughtered all in their paths and laid waste to vast tracts of land in the service of their new gods.

In areas more remote from the poles, the Chaos dust wrought less immediate changes, but it did imbue humanity with the lust for power, conquest and riches. A trait that Gotter knew would be the race's downfall if it was not stamped out.

A deep snoring filled the room as Gotter opened his eyes. His body ached and blood still dribbled down his chin. Slowly he moved his body and wondered how long he had been chained up.

Silently he cursed himself for being so foolish as to let them catch him. He had been bent over Batre's body with the knife still in his hand when Jurkson and the Town Watch had burst through the door. Caught red-handed, he had been unable to persuade them that Batres, Jurkson and the others were Chaos spawn. Now he was awaiting execution - or a fate far worse.

Gotter had been a witch hunter for five years. When the vision had first appeared he had been a monk, but he knew that he was chosen to track down the servants of Chaos wherever they hid.

This search had taken him to the northern borders, where he had fought against powerful Chaos incursions which threatened to overrun the Empire's northern expanses.

After the fighting was over Gotter headed south to seek for Chaos agents within the Empire itself. So prolific and bold had they become, that their spoor was easy to find. Some had the mark as clear as day - mishapen limbs or animal-like heads. Others were not so easily discovered, their deformities were slight, easily concealed by their clothes. Worst of all were the ones without visible signs, whose corruption lay deep within them.

Behind locked doors the Chaos spawn worshipped their foul gods and sacrificed all who fell into their grasp. They plotted and schemed with creatures so foul that Gotter's blood ran cold at the thought. The rot of Chaos lay deep within the Empire, eating into its very soul. Now that he had been caught there was no one to stop the cancer from spreading.

Frustrated by his captivity, Gotter howled and struggled against his chains. The jailor woke with a start and brandishing a club advanced on Gotter. Before the blow landed, the cell door opened revealing Jurkson's menacing silhouette.

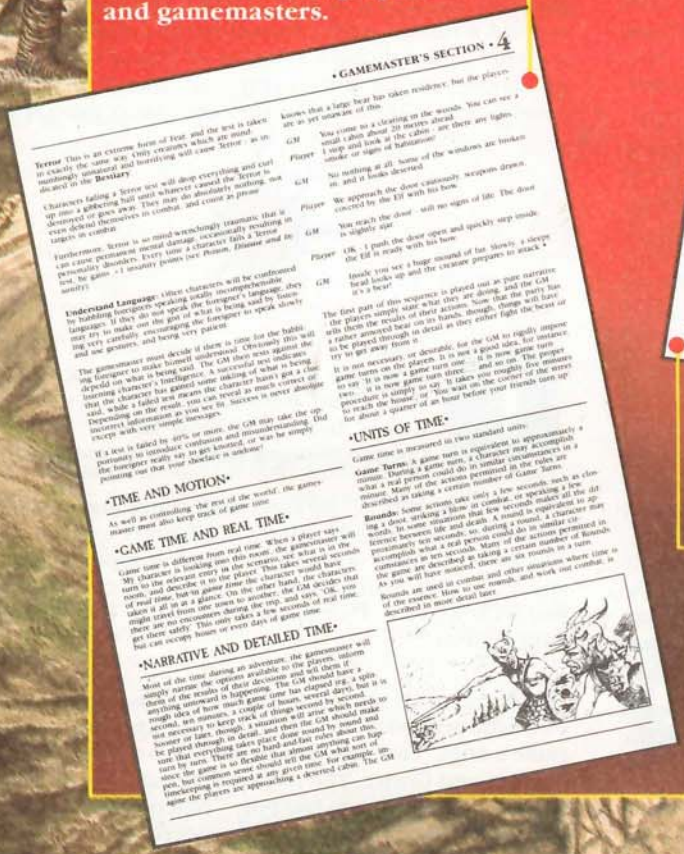
"You may go, Boris." Jurkson said, throwing a small pouch of coins to the floor. gesturing impatiently towards the door. The jailor, bowing obsequiously low, scooped up the pouch and left. "Well, witch hunter, it seems you caught more than you reckoned for. Please do not struggle, you will not have long to wait."

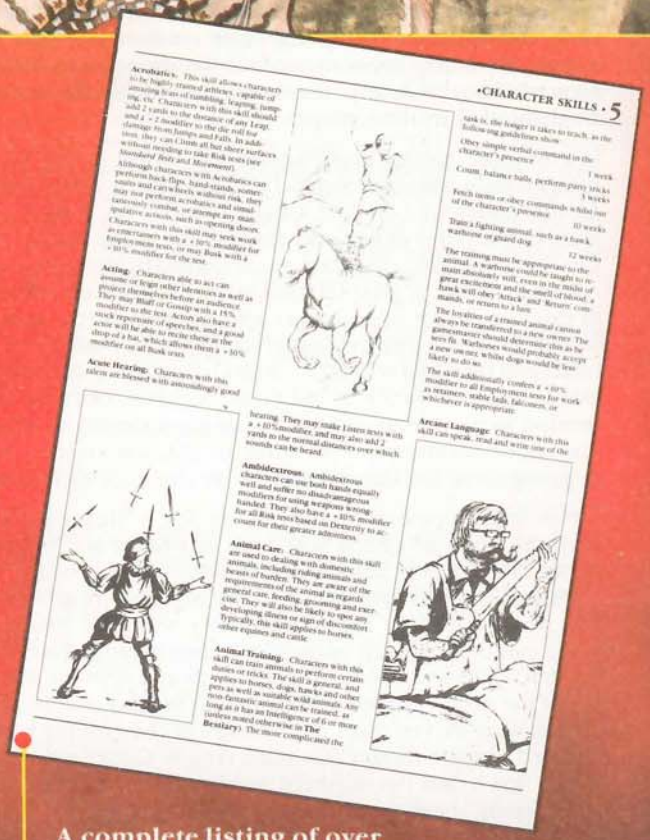
The sound of grinding stone filled the room as a panel swung out from the wall. A large rat snout appeared around the stone's edge. Two red eyes peered down a scarred snout at Jurkson and Gotter. The colour drained from Jurkson's face and his hands began to tremble. "Welcome master, I have the one you want." The rat creature moved over to Gotter who spat defiantly in its face.

"Hushhush, manthing." The Skaven hissed, placing a scabrous hand on Gotter's lip. "Laterlater, plenty time to howl." The Skaven ravenously licked Gotter's blood from its hand and beckoned into the shadows. "Quickquick. Taketake." More Skaven appeared and gathered round Gotter. His world went dark. Footsteps echoed on stone floors and the ratmen twittered, but Gotter no longer cared. His world filled with nightmare visions and Chaos demons danced in his head. As his howls of anguish echoed around the damp passage the Skaven chuckled with glee.

The stone slammed back into place and Jurkson shuddered. He raised a shaking hand to mop cold beads of sweat from his brow and headed for the door. Gotter was a menace, likely to expose them all. But did anyone deserve to be handed over to the Skaven? Leaving the cell he adjusted his robes, taking care to cover his tail. Gotter was gone, but there would be others....

All the information and rules required to gamemaster adventures in any one of the myriad settings of the Old World. Includes full details of the original, fast-moving combat system with detailed critical hits system and a complete scenario to introduce the Old World to both players and gamemasters.





A complete listing of over 130 character skills, from Acrobatics to Wrestling, uniquely quantifying each adventurer. The book also details over 150 spells for magic users of all kinds, from Clerics to Necromancers.

BACKGROUND

The above is only part of the background of the new **Warhammer Fantasy Role-Play** game. A game in which the player characters are plunged into a brooding medieval world where nightmares come true and malignant entities stalk darkened streets. In many towns strange rituals take place behind closed doors, safe from the eyes of prying neighbours or those of the ever-vigilant watch. Dark gods, whose very forms are an abomination, are worshipped by those who seek an easy route to power or are easily swayed by glib promises of wealth.

Warhammer Fantasy Role-Play is set in the same world as that already known and loved by thousands of **Warhammer Fantasy Battle** gamers. The rulebook covers the area known as the Old World in detail, and this is where the characters will start - although projected supplements will cover the rest of the Known World in due course.

The Old World has a rich and colourful background - one where many types of adventure are possible. Orcs and Goblins are constantly threatening to cross the World's Edge Mountains from the Dark Lands. Petty kings and robber barons squabble constantly among themselves in the Border Princes. The armies of Chaos raid the Grand Duchy of Kislev, and its agents work in more subtle ways among the cities of the central and western Old World, preying on those who seek an easy path to wealth and power.

Adventures can range from hack-and-slay raids on Goblin bases to nerve-racking investigations of dark and blasphemous cults, from exploring uncharted wilderness to stopping the political machinations of the agents of the Chaos gods. For those who like their carnage on a grand scale, the game is compatible with the **Warhammer Fantasy Battle** rules, and can deal with invasions, revolts and full-scale wars.

THE CHARACTERS

Warhammer Fantasy Role-Play offers a unique character system with over 100 careers, reflecting the full colour and variety of the Old World setting. A player can choose

4 major career groups are divided into over 100 Character Careers from Alchemist to Wrecker, all illustrated and catalogued with full description, Trappings and Skills lists and potential Advanced Careers.

6 • CAREERS SECTION •

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7 • RELIGION SECTION •

GRUNGNI - Dwarven God of Mining

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Extensive background information for the Old World is presented in the rules covering Religion, Geography, Politics, History and an exhaustive Bestiary of the creatures, beasts and denizens of this unique fantasy mythos.

whether a character will be a skilled Warrior, a hardy Ranger, a wily Rogue, or a respected Academic the *Basic Career* shows the character's background and gives a range of skills acquired during the character's past life. A Warrior can come from a military background as a Soldier or Mercenary, or have learnt basic fighting skills as a Bodyguard or an Outlaw; a Ranger might have spent some time as a Hunter or Trapper, or might have plied the waterways as a Boatman; a Rogue might have made a living as a Footpad, an Entertainer or even a Tomb Robber; while an Academic may have been apprenticed to an Artisan, such as a Smith or Carpenter, a Merchant, or even an Alchemist or Wizard.

Having chosen to become an adventurer, the character is able, by gaining and spending experience points, to develop new skills and enter new *Advanced Careers*. The Warrior may become a renowned Mercenary Captain or a proud Knight; the Ranger may become a feared Bounty Hunter or a bold Highwayman; the Rogue may become a wily Forger, a brutal Racketeer, or a cunning Charlatan; while the Academic may become a sought-after Phsycian, a fabulously rich Merchant, or a powerful Wizard. The possibilities are almost unlimited, and no two characters will ever be alike.

The career system allows characters to progress in power and knowledge without forcing them into abstract, confining or stereotypical roles - players have a real say in how their characters develop. The system works for any style of play - it can either be handled abstractly, simply allowing players to enter new professions. Or it could be played out as part of a gaming session, with a player character having to find a teacher or convince a local guild that he or she is a suitable candidate for membership.

The nonhuman races have their own distinctive cultures, careers, and history; they are much more than just humans with pointed ears or short legs. Elves, Dwarfs and Halflings all have their own strengths and weaknesses, carefully balanced and consistent with the Old World background.

THE GAME

Warhammer Fantasy Role-Play uses a system of game mechanics which is both fast and easy to play while capable of great flexibility and detail. Most situations are dealt with using a system of percentage-based characteristic tests, modified by a range of over 100 skills, and the referee (Gamesmaster or GM) can modify the tests further to reflect the precise complexities of the situation.

With each career comes new skills and the opportunity to increase a character's abilities. Skills are tied to ability scores, so the better the ability score the more chance a character has of using a skill succesfully. As each career allows a character to improve his or her abilities they also increase the chances of successfully using a skill.

To progress in **Warhammer Fantasy Role Play** a character needs to spend experience points. These points are awarded for good roleplaying and for reaching objectives; not just for simply killing monsters, encouraging characters to come up with novel ways of overcoming problems.

Once earned, experience points can be spent on increasing abilities, though the abilities which can be increased are dependent on the career the character is currently following - a mercenary can increase abilities related to combat but little else, while a wizard is limited to academic and magic related abilities. Those characters dissatisfied with their current career can (by spending experience points) enter new career paths, so characters who wish to, may experience all four career classes.

COMBAT

Combat is fast, detailed and extremely bloody, with a unique set of Critical Hit Tables - designed by Rick (Chainsaw) Priestley - that will make the most foolhardy adventurers think twice.

Armour absorbs damage inflicted on a character, and is worn at various hit locations: wearing a chainmail shirt does not protect the legs or head, greaves and a helmet are needed to protect these areas. Even with armour, sooner or later characters are going to take damage and wound points. When these reach zero the character is not automatically killed, but any additional damage is likely to cause crippling wounds or death. The Critical Hit system cross-references the amount of additional damage to the body part hit. This can result in instant death, the loss of limbs or merely unconsciousness. Once wound points are down to zero or one, character's with a desire to live are advised to run screaming for cover.

However, characters are destined for greater things than to die an ignoble death at the hands of a marauding ogre. During character generation, characters gain Fate Points which can be spent to offset death. Additional Fate Points can be earned during adventures but only for acts that further a character's alignment or religion. Characters may be fated, but the gods may soon dispair of reckless characters, and once the Fate Points are gone death can be very final.

MAGIC

The magic system is very diverse and highly-detailed, with nine classes of spells ranging from the Petty Magic of the lowly Apprentices to the powerful Battle Magic of experienced Wizards. Characters following the wizard career path can elect to become elementalists, illusionists, demonologists or even necromancers.

Clerics and Druids are completely integrated into the Old World, with fully-defined deities and doctrines. They are closely tied to their deities and must ensure that they observe the strictures required for proper worship. In return they receive a wide range of magical powers and other benefits unique to their religion.

THE PACKAGE

Warhammer Fantasy Role-Play comes in a hardback book with 8 colour plates and profuse interior art by Tony Ackland. It contains everything you need to play the game (except for dice), and features **The Oldenhaller Contract**, a starter scenario by Richard Halliwell, which has been specially designed for the inexperienced GM, but which hardened RPGers will find equally satisfying and entertaining. All this, plus a coupon entitling you to a free set of dice.

THE FUTURE

Warhammer Fantasy Role-Play will be supported by an extensive range of modules, supplements and campaign packs, opening up new areas of the Known World and exploring parts of the Old World in detail. Many will also be useable with the **Warhammer Fantasy Battle** rules, developing **Warhammer** into the most complete and enjoyable fantasy game available.

Bursting onto the unsuspecting world are two adventures which reveal the innermost mysteries of the Empire.

Shadows Over Bogenhafen

On the surface, Bogenhafen is just another bustling market town, but all is not as it seems. From the market and fair of the Schaffenfest, the players are drawn into a series of mysteries, slowly uncovering evidence of a sinister organisation whose roots run deeper than appears on the surface. The tentacles extend deep into the society of the town, and in order to save Bogenhafen - the avdenturers must tread a fine line, infiltrating society without arousing suspicion, sorting the guilty from the innocent, the misguided, and the deceived, and purging the canker from the highest levels of society.

This is the first adventure set in the Empire and continues the *The Enemy Within* campaign.

The Enemy Within - A Guide To The Empire

The Empire - greatest of all the realms of the Old World. Its four mighty city states are not just bustling trading centres, but important centres of learning, culture, and religion. In his towered palace in Altdorf, Emperor Kark-Franz I holds court - and ponders the growing shadow that lurks on the north-eastern frontier...

Included in this supplement are, guidelines for running **The Enemy Within Campaign**, information on Orders of Knighthood, Religious Orders, local customs, political structures and much more.

This pack is a must for all Warhammer players. It forms both the backdrop and the basis of an epic campaign that will lead the bold adventurers into an awesome confrontation with the Forces of Chaos.

Realm of Chaos

There are those whose very souls belong to Chaos, beings who fight for the glory of Chaos, creatures who clearly bear Chaos' mark. They travel the Chaos wastes, fighting each other and occasionally pouring down to raid civilised lands. **Realm of Chaos** describes these Chaos spawn, enabling them to be used as player characters or as enemies to threaten more civilised characters.

Blood For The Blood God - a battle pack for use with **Realm of Chaos**

The army is camped in the Chaos wastes preparing to raid the Empire, but dissension is growing and blood must be spilled before the differences can be resolved. Scheme and battle your way to supremacy of the Chaos army in this unique adventure which combines the **Warhammer Fantasy Role-Play** rules with the **Warhammer Fantasy Battle Rules**.

- **WARHAMMER FANTASY ROLE-PLAY** will retail for £14.95 and will be available from November at all good games stores and hobby stockists.
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Dark tendrils of mist crept slowly over the dockside, and coiled sinuously around the rotted moorings. Dim lights appeared over the top of the jetty accompanied by a faint creaking and a repulsive slavering face. With a shriek of terror, the adventurers turned and fled.....

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